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{ From Beginning,  
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## OCTOBER.

GREY-TINTED glide the clouds across the sky,  
Murky the gloaming; and the mist-bound fens  
White frosty wreaths of vaporous damp exhale,  
Velling the onward steps of coming night.  
The golden plover wheels across the marsh,  
The crooning mallard on his blue-barred wing  
Sinks to his reedy lair: the bitter booms,  
And speckled curlews, ranked in Indian file,  
Fly homewards wailing in harsh monotone  
The evening dirge that marshals them to rest.

October's touch paints all the maple leaves  
With brilliant crimson, and his golden kiss  
Lies on the clustered hazels: scarlet glows  
The sturdy oak, and copper-hued the beech:  
A russet glory lingers on the elm,  
The pensile birch is yellowing apace,  
And many-tinted show the woodlands all,  
With autumn's dying splendours.

## In the copse

Crows the cock-pheasant, all his gorgeous breast  
A-glow with emerald and amethyst;  
His purple neck with crimson gorget hung,  
Outstretched to banquet with his dun-clad mate  
Upon the luscious beech-mast. On the pine,  
The dark-crowned, needle-armed, sombre pine,  
The exultant black-cock tunes his clarion shrill,  
As from the cones he takes his evening meal,  
And sounds his latest challenge ere the night.

'Neath the green leafage rank of turnip-field  
Crouches the partridge, on her ashen breast  
Her brown wing folded: and with ears up-  
pricked

Bounds the white-breasted hare from off her  
form,

Across the clover-glade: the acorns ripe  
Are gathered by the dormouse, squirrels crouch  
Warm in their nests, with ample provender  
For many a wintry day.

## Now homeward hies

The whistling faggot-laden peasant-boy;  
His daily task is over, and the hearth  
Glows bright before his vision — welcome goal,  
Spurring the tired stripling to his rest!  
What though his evening meal be homely fare,  
Brown bread and milk, potatoes, or, perchance,  
A scrap of home-cured bacon? Daintier 'tis  
To the toil-hunggered palate than the meats  
Unseasoned by the zest of industry,  
That tempt the jaded appetite of Kings.

Welcome October! coronalled with wealth,  
Of Nature's pure coined gold! Upon thy brow  
Thou bear'st the mint-stamp of prosperity,  
The almoner of bounteous Providence,  
Thou crownest all the toiling, teeming year  
With rich fruition: and thy purpled vines,  
Thy russet clusters, are but symbols given  
To earth of His dear love who ruleth Heaven!

All the Year Round.

## MADELINE.

"She lovèd much." Such was the legend sweet  
That circled her in Magdala of yore,  
Who, dearest, thine expressive title bore;  
And O, to shadow forth thyself how meet!  
She sits beside the Loving Master's feet,

She laves them with her tears and golden  
tresses,

And every act of after-life expresses  
How like she was to Him she came to greet.  
Tradition names her sinner. We as saint

Know her alone, in page of Holy Writ,  
As one who joyed with Him, her love, to  
sit;

As one whom every artist learns to paint,  
Filled with a love unswerving and ne'er faint,  
Ready to suffer every earthly loss,

First at the tomb, as last beside the cross:  
Thrice blest a love like hers, that knows no  
earthly taint!

Tinsley's Magazine.

Joy not, or murmur not if tried in vain

In fair rememberable words to set  
Each scene or presence of especial gain,  
As hoarded gems in precious cabinet.  
Simply enjoy the present loveliness; —

Let it become a portion of your being;  
Close your glad gaze, but see it more than less,  
No clearer with your eye than spirit seeing.  
And when you part at last, turn once again,  
Swearing that beauty shall be unforgot;

So in far sorrows it shall ease your pain,  
In distant struggles it shall calm your strife,  
And in your further and serener life,

Who says that it shall be remembered not?

MILNES.

To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,  
To leave so many lands unvisited,  
To leave so many worthiest books unread,  
Unrealized so many visions bright; —  
O wretched yet inevitable spite  
Of our short span, and we must yield our  
breath,

And wrap us in the lazy coil of death,  
So much remaining of unproved delight.  
But hush, my soul, and vain regrets be stilled!  
Find rest in Him who is the complement  
Of whatsoever transcend your mortal doom,  
Of broken hope and frustrated intent;  
In the clear vision and aspect of whom  
All wishes and all longings are fulfilled.

TRENCH.

From The Contemporary Review.  
ON MIND AND WILL IN NATURE.

IN choosing a subject for the Address which it recently became my duty to deliver at the Brighton Meeting of the British Association, I was mainly influenced by the desire to make use of the opportunity to give expression to certain views at which I had long since arrived, with reference to some of those fundamental questions which lie at the basis of all Scientific thought; which views, as it seemed to me, it might be useful to propound, at the present juncture, from the Chair which I had the honour to occupy. It happened that the Physiological studies of the earlier part of my life brought me into special relation with Psychological inquiry; and the analysis of the processes of Thought by which Scientific work is carried on became a favourite pursuit with me, when I was led, as a Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, to examine into the whole subject of Evidence and the Basis of Belief. The larger opportunities of carrying on original scientific investigations, which I have of late years enjoyed, by bringing my mind still more closely into contact with objective realities, have, perhaps, added something to my preparedness for discoursing on the subject with which I ventured to grapple. And I therefore considered that I might, without presumption, call the attention both of my Scientific brethren and of the Public at large to what seems to me the true position of Man as the Scientific Interpreter of Nature. I did not flatter myself that I had anything to say on this subject that would be new, either to Men of Science or to Theologians who have already gone through a like course of thought with myself; but I hoped to lead some to think upon it, who had never so thought before, and to help others to a clearer view of it than they might have themselves attained.

I was further moved to take the line I adopted, by the following consideration. No one can have followed the course of various discussions which have recently taken place between Theologians on one side, and Scientific Men (abroad, even more than in this country) on the other, without seeing that the old antagonism between

Theology and Science, instead of toning down, is becoming more and more vehement. As long as the heresies of Science were confined to the Nebular Hypothesis, the Geological History of the Earth, or even the Antiquity of Man, they affected no *fundamental* doctrine of Theology. The professed believer in the Divine Authority and the literal inspiration of Genesis, *might* and *did* find means of evading the difficulties in which he found himself placed by the demands which Science made upon his intellect; and a large body of intelligent Scripturalists was coming quietly to yield to those demands, in the same way as the old Theological defenders of the Sun's motion round the Earth evacuated their fortress without any formal surrender. But the claims of Science have of late been advanced, not only more strongly, but more aggressively; and some of the positions that have been taken up have been such as apparently to threaten, not the outworks only, but the very citadel, of Religious Faith. I say "apparently," because the supposed antagonism often arises out of a misconception of the real bearing of doctrines, which have been presented in a needlessly offensive form. When the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," nearly thirty years ago, advanced the doctrine of the Continuous Development and Succession of Organic Life, he distinctly recognized, not only the *original* Agency of the Creator, but His *continued* action; merely arguing for "Creation by Law," as he termed it,—meaning thereby a *continuous uniformity* of Creative action, as opposed to *occasional interferences*. Now the non-reception of this doctrine was entirely due to the weakness of its basis. No one department of the Sciences brought under review had been thoroughly studied by its promulgator, who consequently fell into the most egregious blunders; and so, while the ingenuity of his conception and the fascinating simplicity of the form in which it was presented, gained for it a general currency, and doubtless prepared the way for its recent revival on a far more philosophical basis, it was unanimously pronounced, from the Scientific point of view, an entire failure. But while

entirely concurring in this verdict, I took occasion at the same time to express myself in the following terms in regard to the Religious bearing of the doctrine of Continuous Development or Evolution.

"Bringing together the facts of Geological History, which indicate that our earth was first peopled by plants and animals of a low grade of organization, and that there has been a gradual advance in their character through its successive epochs to the present period, and comparing these with the successive gradations in development presented by the embryo of Man, or of any one of the more complex Animals, the author of the 'Vestiges' suggests that the highest forms of each kingdom are *lineally descended* from the lower, which have, with the progressive changes on the Earth's surface, adapting it for the residence of higher and yet higher races, evolved themselves into beings of progressively higher and higher organization, in obedience to laws first impressed on them by the Creator. In this hypothesis I cannot see anything that is either abstractedly improbable, or that in the least tends to separate the idea of Creative Design from the organized Creation. There is surely nothing more Atheistical in the idea that the Creator, instead of originating each race by a distinct and separate act (the notion commonly entertained), gave to the first created Monad those properties by the continued action of which, through countless ages, a Man would be evolved, than there is in the idea, to which we are irresistibly led by physiological study, that the first cell-germ of the Human ovum is endowed with such properties as enable it to become developed into a Human baby in the course of only a few months. If we believe that, to the mind of the Deity, the *past* and the *future* are alike *present*, and that His prescience is so perfect as to comprehend *all* the results of the Plan on which He works in the universe, we see His hand in the mode of creation supposed by this Hypothesis of Development, fully as much as in the one commonly attributed to Him. And if we believe that what we call the *laws* and *properties* of matter are nothing else than Human expressions of the constancy and uniformity of

the mode in which the Power of the Creator is exerted, we see that the Hypothesis coincides with all that Science and Religion alike teach respecting the invariability of His mode of working. To imagine that the Creator was obliged to *interpose*, or to exert some *special agency*, for the production of new races of Plants and Animals, every time that the condition of the Earth's surface became incompatible with the continued existence of those previously existing, and at the same time became prepared for others, appears to me the same thing as to suppose that He was obliged, through want of prospective acquaintance with the changes which the Earth's surface would undergo, to meet the emergencies as they might arise, and to compensate for the unforeseen Extinction of one race of beings by the special Creation of another.\*"

Even before the date I have mentioned, at the conclusion of my first Treatise on Physiology (1838), I had expressed myself as follows:—

"If, then, we can conceive that the same Almighty *fiat* which created matter out of nothing impressed on it one simple law, which should regulate the association of its masses into systems of almost illimitable extent, controlling their movements, fixing the times of the commencement and cessation of each world, and balancing against each other the perturbing influences to which its own actions give rise; should be the cause, not only of the general uniformity, but also of the particular variety, of their conditions, governing the changes in the form and structure of each individual globe, protracted through an existence of countless centuries, and adjusting the alternation of 'seasons and times and months and years;' should people all these worlds with living beings of endless variety of nature, providing for their support, their happiness, their mutual reliance, ordaining their constant decay and succession, not merely as individual but as races, and adapting them in every minute particular to the conditions of their dwelling; and should harmonize and blend together all the innumerable

\* From a series of Papers "On the Connection of Science and Religion," published in the "Inquirer" for 1844-5.



multitude of these actions, making their very perturbations sources of new powers; — when our knowledge is sufficiently advanced to enable us to comprehend these things, then shall we be led to a far higher and nobler conception of the Divine mind than we have at present the means of forming." This conclusion I deemed not inappropriate to a treatise of which it had been the professed object, not to discourse of Natural Theology, but to present a series of scientific conceptions of Physiological phenomena. But from the time when I first began to think upon the subject, I had entertained a distrust of all arguments based on those *individual* instances of adaptation of means to ends, on which Paley and his school built up their proofs of "Design;" — the fallacy of such arguments lying in this, that whilst "Design" unquestionably implies a "Designer," adaptation of means to ends, how perfect soever, by no means necessarily proves any particular adaptation to have been *intentional*. And besides, supposing that by a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" a number of diversified types of Organization had come into being, only those *could* have survived, whose structure was adapted to their conditions of existence; so that the Teleology of Cuvier merely expressed the general existence of such adaptations, without affording any scientific explanation of them. But when, on the other hand, a distinct Uniformity of Plan can be shown to exist among the structures which exhibit a vast diversity of such adaptations, and, still more, when constant Uniformities of Sequence exhibit themselves in the developmental processes by which those diversified forms are evolved, it has always appeared to me that if, on no other grounds, we recognize the action of Intelligent Power in the Universe, our highest notions of its character are based on such evidence of the Continuity and Uniformity of its action.

Now, when the Hypothesis of the Continuous Development of the Organic Creation was again brought forward by a great Master in Biology, in a form which commanded the respectful attention of every one who was capable of apprehending the force of his arguments, and was

sufficiently free from prejudice of whatever kind to give them their due weight, it was his deliberate purpose to place his exposition of it on the sure foundation of Scientific Method, and to leave on one side its Theological bearing. No one can have a higher admiration of the "Origin of Species" than I myself entertain; no one feels more convinced than I do, that the doctrine of "Continuous Descent with Modification," which I regard as its fundamental idea, will become the basis of the Biological Science of the future. But at the same time I cannot but regret that an undue importance (for so I feel compelled to regard it) should have been attached to the doctrine of "Natural Selection" as a *vera causa*. For Natural Selection, or the "survival of the fittest," can do nothing else than perpetuate, among Varietal forms already existing, those which best suit the external conditions of their existence; and the scientific question for the Biologist is, — what is the Cause of departure from the uniformity of type ordinarily transmitted by Inheritance, whereby these varieties come into being; and under what conditions does that Cause operate? When this question shall have been satisfactorily answered, then it will become possible to frame a scientific conception of the doctrine of Continuous Evolution, comparable in definiteness and universality to the Newtonian law of Gravitation, or to the Nebular Hypothesis of Laplace. As the tendency of each of these great doctrines was pronounced in the first instance to be Atheistic, whilst, in the end, each has been accepted as an expression of our best and highest knowledge of the Creator's action in the Physical Universe, so it will ultimately be with the doctrine of Organic Evolution; which will come to be viewed as presenting a far grander notion of Creative Design, than the idea of special interpositions required to remedy the irregular working of a machine imperfectly constructed in the first instance.

I make no exception in regard to Man; having long felt that there is nothing in the idea of his Moral, any more than of his Physical, development from an inferior type, which in the least degree alters his relation to his Creator; and entirely sym-

pathizing with my friend Professor Huxley in his preference for "a good respectable Ape" as an Ancestor, to a progenitor of the highest Human gifts who knowingly turns those gifts to evil account. Mr. Edward Fry has recently put forward this point in a form in which I entirely concur:—"Before we cavil at the poor relatives whom Mr. Darwin would put on us, let us consider for a moment what relatives we are bound to acknowledge. We cannot deny our descent from savages, from barbarians of brutal lives, abandoned to selfishness, lust, and cruelty, and with consciences in the most embryonic state; we cannot deny our close connection with cannibals; we admit our relationship to a yet more revolting class—men who have used all the appliances of civilization for the purposes of lust and cruelty—men of the type of Caligula and Borgia. With such relatives admitted, any great fastidiousness as to our genealogy seems out of place." But further, as Mr. Fry well remarks, "this dislike to acknowledge a relationship with the lower animals is not an expression of the truest Christian feeling, but is opposed to it. For Christianity has brought about a more tender regard for them than is natural to man; and the deepest Christian feeling and the highest Christian philosophy both embrace them within their range." . . . "Men for the most part regard themselves as the special objects—nay, often as the exclusive objects of Divine favour; they hold themselves to be the elect amongst animals, very much as Calvinists regard themselves as the elect amongst mankind." And I am convinced, with Mr. Fry, that Mr. Darwin is perfectly justified in the argument he has advanced, that the rudiments of the Moral nature of Man exist in the Brute creation; and that his Conscience is a higher development of that sense of obligation, which is clearly enough discernible in the actions of a well-trained dog or horse, and which is not one whit more elevated in its character among many savage races, and even in the "brutal" part of our own population. For it has long been a tenet of mine, that a careful study of the Intellectual and Moral Development of a child, by a competent observer, would enable him to detect a series of stages comparable to the different grades of the like development which are presented to us in the ascent of the Zoological scale. And I cannot see that the truths of Morality and Religion which apply to Man's Moral and Religious nature *as it is*, are more imperilled by carrying back the

development of that nature into the Dog or the Horse stage, than they are by deriving it from the *brute* stage of the savage or the "practical heathen" of our great towns, or from the *child* stage of the civilized Christian. "Man," said Burns, "is the God of the dog;" and to the young child, the parent or nurse stands in the like relation. The *sense of obligation* to a visible Power is clearly the foundation of Conscience; and it is the substitution of a *superior* for an *inferior* directing principle, which constitutes the essential difference between the highest conscientiousness of the enlightened Christian, and the honest and self-sacrificing devotion to his notion of duty, which is seen in the Horse which falls down dead from exhaustion after putting forth his utmost power at the behest of his rider, or in the Dog who follows his master to his grave, and cannot be tempted by any inducement to leave it. "No one," as Mr. Fry justly remarks, "doubts the truths of morality and religion, because there were and are savages to whom they are almost unknown;" any more, I would add, than any one doubts the truths of the "Principia," because he individually cannot apprehend them.

We see in our Biblical and other early histories, how *gradual* has been the growth of the Moral Nature of Mankind; and it seems to me that much may be learned from these with reference to our present inquiry. It was the remark of Neander, I believe, that the Jewish People was distinguished among the Nations of antiquity by the high development of Conscience; and yet it is clear that this high development was only attained after an Education, which, in its leading features, corresponds with that by which every judicious parent now endeavours to draw forth and direct the moral sense of his child. To take only one case,—revenge for injuries. It is clear that the Hebrews partook of the feeling of obligation in which the whole Semitic Race was trained, that in any case of homicide the nearest male relative should act as the *goel* or "avenger of blood." The Mosaic code did not attempt to put down this usage; but only introduced the mitigating provision of "cities of refuge," by which a duly constituted tribunal was appointed to decide whether the homicide was accidental or premeditated, and to give protection to the unintentional man-slayer, who, however, still remained liable to the vengeance of the *goel* if he should quit his refuge. Notwithstanding the general advance in the Moral and Religious sense of the Nation, which

was manifested in their final and entire abandonment of Idolatry from the time of their return from the Captivity, there is (I believe) no reason for supposing that this institution underwent any essential change, until the Dispersion rendered its existence no longer possible. And even after eighteen centuries of that milder code which was intended to carry out the principle, not only of the Fatherhood of God, but of the Brotherhood of Man, we see among communities professedly Christian, not merely such an execution of "Lynch Law" as may become a terrible necessity for the maintenance of Social order, but the horrid barbarism of the "Ku Klux Klan" Society, which puts to death, with every circumstance of fiendish barbarity, a negro who has committed the monstrous crime of marrying a white woman, and is scarcely less severe upon the partner of his guilt. What result of the system of slavery can be more terrible, than the perversion of the Moral Sense which it has engendered? And whose notion of Duty should we most regard as in harmony with our own — that of the Dog or the Horse who renders the tribute of willing and even joyful obedience to the Master whom he loves, to the extent of suffering and even of death — or that of the brutal Man, who, in the indulgence of his own selfish passions, takes credit for having discharged a duty to his kind? For myself, I prefer the former; and believe that among Mr. Darwin's vast services to Science, it will hereafter be thought not among the least, that, by simply asking us to carry our ideas of Moral Development further back, he has given a new dignity and worth (in Human estimation) to that vast aggregate of God's creatures whom we are accustomed contemptuously to designate as "the lower animals," without in the least degree derogating from the superiority of Man. Sydney Smith humorously remarked that when he had been looking at the apprentice-boys pelting the monkeys at Exeter Change, he entertained some doubts as to which was the higher animal of the two; but that these doubts were instantaneously dispelled by reading a page of Shakespeare, or a few lines of Milton, or a paragraph of Locke; which satisfied him that Man had nothing to fear from the competition of the blue Ape without a tail, and that we might charitably allow the poor beasts any shreds of reason and tatters of understanding they could pick up. This seems to me the reasonable view of the case in regard to Conscience also; and I am one of those who are en-

tirely prepared to endorse Mr. Fry's well-considered opinion that "no new difficulty whatever is introduced by Mr. Darwin's demands," and that there is "something to rejoice at in the extension to the lower animals of the realms of morality and religion." \*

Having been thus prepared, from the first, to accept Mr. Darwin's doctrines — so far as I might deem them supported by scientific evidence, — as not only in no respect inconsistent with those which I had previously been accustomed to entertain in regard to the Method of the Divine Government, but as giving them a yet deeper significance, I greatly regretted to see what I regarded as their legitimate bearing doubly misapprehended. On the one hand it was affirmed by Theologians, that Mr. Darwin — whose System had introduced ideas of uniformity and harmony where everything appeared chaotic, of continuity where all regularity of sequence seemed wanting, of method where everything seemed purposeless confusion, — had, as Newton and Laplace were charged with doing before him, put his own theories in place of the direct agency of the Creator; and that, by immeasurably extending our ideas of the *Order of Nature*, he had assumed to have rendered unnecessary an Intelligent Cause for that Order. On the other hand, the previously existing School of Nature-Philosophers of Germany, which had raised the standard of revolt against all Theological systems, and had proclaimed that Matter, and the Laws of Matter, constitute the only objects of Man's cognizance, claimed Mr. Darwin as their most potent ally; not only at once accepting his doctrines to their fullest extent, and carrying them out into applications which he would himself probably regard as premature; but representing him as having, by his System, superseded the necessity for a Creator in the world of Organized Being, as the discoverers of the Laws of Physics and Chemistry had done in the Inorganic Universe. This mode of thought, logically carried out in its relation to Human Action, had previously expressed itself in the "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development," by Henry G. Atkinson and Harriet Martineau; the doctrine of which I have been lately accused of misrepresenting, and which I will therefore set forth in the *ipsissima verba* of their writers. — "Instinct, passion, thought, &c., are effects of organized substances." "All causes are material causes." "In

\* "Spectator," for September 14, 1872.

material conditions I find the origin of all religions, all philosophies, all opinions, all virtues, and 'spiritual conditions and influences,' in the same manner that I find the origin of all diseases and of all insanities in material conditions and causes." "I am what I am; a creature of necessity; I claim neither merit nor demerit." "I feel that I am as completely the result of my nature, and impelled to do what I do, as the needle to point to the north, or the puppet to move according as the string is pulled." "I cannot alter my will, or be other than what I am, and cannot deserve either reward or punishment."—To call this system Materialism is simply to use the Authors' own designation of it; not to cast at it an opprobrious name. And it was with the mode of thought which lands us in this system, that I set myself to grapple in my Address. For if it be once admitted that Matter and its Laws constitute the whole sum of what falls within our knowledge, that the "Laws of Nature" are anything else than Man's own expressions of the orderly sequence which he discerns in the phenomena of the Universe, and that they have in themselves any *coercive* action which necessarily binds down the future to our experience of the past, it seems to me that we at the same time surrender our own position as self-determining agents, and must *ipso facto* abandon the idea that there is any self-determining Power in existence.

Whilst I have had abundant reason to believe that the line of argument which I adopted has been deemed by those whose judgment I most value to have been not ill suited to the occasion, and that my Address will, at any rate, have the effect of stimulating thought and leading to discussion, from which Truth will ultimately emerge, I am glad to take this opportunity of giving a more special development to certain parts of my subject, on which the necessary limits of time and space obliged me to touch very lightly.

I expressed the opinion that Science *points to* (though at present I should be far from saying that I think it capable of demonstrating) the origination of all Power in *Mind*. This is no new doctrine; for, as a recent commentator\* on my Address has stated, it is as old as Socrates, who explicitly put it forth in his reference to Aristodemus and Enthydemus. But I think that it derives a new importance from the recent development of the Dy-

namical Philosophy, which looks at Matter as the mere vehicle of Force, and regards the various modes of Force, how diverse soever in their manifestations, as mutually convertible. The time (as it seems to me) is now come for Psychological inquiries to enter upon that *border-ground* between Mind and Body, which Metaphysicians have until lately eschewed as "dangerous"; but the intelligent cultivation on which, in my apprehension, affords the prospect of greater results in the future, than will be obtainable by any amount of *separate* study of the two parts of Man's composite nature. Here, again, I fall back on the expression I gave to the conclusions at which I had arrived nearly twenty years ago, as conveying the results which my more matured judgment has only confirmed, and to which the general progress of thought on the subject may now give wider appreciation.

"To the prevalent neglect of this department of study may be traced many of the fallacies discernible in the arguments adduced on each side, in the oft repeated controversies between the advocates of the *Materialist* and the *Spiritualist* hypotheses; controversies in themselves almost as absurd as that mortal contest which (fable tells us) was once carried on by two knights respecting the material of a shield which they saw from opposite sides, the one maintaining it to be of gold, the other of silver, and each proving to be right regarding the half seen by himself. Now, the moral of this fable regarding our present inquiry, is, that as the entire shield was made up of a gold half and a silver half which joined each other midway, so the Mind and the Brain, notwithstanding those differences in *properties* which place them in different philosophical categories, are so intimately blended in their *actions*, that more valuable information is to be gained by seeking for it at the points of contact, than can be obtained by the prosecution of those older methods of research, in which Mind has been studied by Metaphysicians, altogether without reference to its material instruments, whilst the Brain has been dissected by Anatomists and analyzed by Chemists as if they expected to map out the course of Thought, or to weigh and measure the intensity of Emotions.

"The Materialist and the Spiritualist doctrines alike recognize, and alike ignore, certain great truths of Human Nature; and the question returns upon us, whether any general expression can be framed, which may be in harmony alike with the

\* Mr. C. B. Gibson, in the "Echo," for September 4, 1872.

results of scientific inquiry into the facts of the case, and with those simple teachings of our own Consciousness, which must, after all, be recognized as affording the ultimate test of the truth of all Psychological doctrines. In the first place it may be remarked, that the whole tendency of Philosophical Investigation at the present day is to show the utter futility of all the controversies which have been carried on with regard to the relation of *Mind* and *Matter*. The essential nature of these two entities is such, that no relation of identity *can* exist between them. *Matter* possesses extension or occupies space; whilst *Mind* has no such property. On the other hand, we are cognizant of *Matter* only through its occupation of space, of which we are informed through our senses; we are cognizant of the existence of *Mind* by our direct consciousness of feelings and ideas, which are to us the most certain of all realities. But, what is perhaps a more important distinction, the existence of *Matter* is especially *passive*; left to itself, it always impresses our Consciousness in one and the same mode; and any change in its condition is the consequence of external agency. What have been termed the active states of matter are really the Manifestations of *forces*, of which we can conceive as having an existence independent of *Matter*, and as having no other relation to it than that which consists in their capability of changing its state. Thus, Water continues unchanged so long as its temperature remains the same; but the dynamical agency of Heat occasions that mutual repulsion between its particles, which transforms it from a non-elastic liquid into an elastic vapour; and all this heat is given forth from it again, when the aqueous vapour is transformed back to the liquid state. On the other hand, the existence of *Mind* is essentially *active*; all its states are states of *change*, and we know nothing whatever of it save by its changes. Sensation, Perception, Idea, Emotion, Reasoning process, &c., in fact, every term which expresses a mental state, is a designation of a phase of mental existence which intervenes between other phases, in the *continual succession* of which our idea of *Mind* consists.

"But whilst between *Matter* and *Mind* it is utterly vain to attempt to establish a relation of identity or analogy, a very close relation may be shown to exist between *Mind* and *Force*. For, in the first place, *Force*, like *Mind*, can be conceived of only as in a state of activity; and our idea of

it essentially consists in the succession of different states, under which its manifestations present themselves to our Consciousness. But, secondly, our Consciousness of *Force* is really as direct as is that of our own mental states; our notion of it being based upon our internal sense of the *exertion* which we determinately make to develop one form of *Force*, which may be taken as a type of all the rest,—that namely, which produces or which resists motion. The analogy becomes stronger when we trace it into the relations which these two agencies respectively bear to *Matter*. For in the phenomenon of Voluntary Movement, we can scarcely avoid seeing that *Mind* is one of the dynamical agencies which is capable of acting on *Matter*; and that like other such agencies, the mode of its manifestation is affected by the nature of the Material *Substratum* through which its influence is exerted. Thus the Physiologist knows full well, that the immediate operation of the Will is not upon the Muscle but upon the Brain, wherein it excites that active state of nervous matter which he designates as the operation of Nerve-force; and that the propagation of this force along the Nerve-trunks is the determining cause of the Muscular contraction which is the immediate source of the motor power."

This motor power is generated, however, by Chemical changes in the substance of the Muscle itself, and in the Blood which passes through it; these changes, like the combustion of coal in the furnace of a steam-boiler, producing the *Force*, for the action of which the Muscular structure (like the steam-engine) supplies the instrumental condition. The exertion of Nerve-force in sequence to the act of volition, seems to correspond with the closure of a Galvanic circuit, which fires the charge of gunpowder that throws down a cliff or blows up a wreck.

"But we have not only evidence of the excitement of Nerve-force by Mental agency; the converse is equally true,—Mental activity being excited by Nerve-force. For this is the case in every act in which our Consciousness is excited through the instrumentality of the Sensorium, whether its condition be affected by impressions made upon Organs of Sense, or by changes in the state of the Cerebrum itself; a certain active condition of the nervous matter of the Sensorium being (we have every reason to believe) the immediate antecedent of all Consciousness, whether sensational or ideational. And thus we are led to perceive, that as the



power of the Will can develop Nervous activity, and as Nerve-force can develop Mental activity, there must be a *Correlation* between these two modes of dynamical agency, which is not less intimate and complete than that which exists between Nerve-force on the one hand and Electricity or Heat on the other."

However strange the assertion may seem, I do not hesitate to say, that the careful study of the phenomena of the various forms of Intoxication would throw more light on the relation of what has been called the *Mechanism* of Thought and Feeling to the Self-determining Will, than any other method of inquiry:—the fact which cannot be got rid of by any evasion, and which must be accepted as fundamental in its bearing on the condition of Mental Activity, being that the presence of certain substances (as Alcohol, Opium, Haschisch, or Morbid poisons generated in the body itself), has the power of intensifying the activity of the *Mechanism*, so as to produce the most extraordinary manifestations of the Automatic activity of the Mind, whilst not only relatively but absolutely weakening the controlling power of the Will. Thus it was only when he was "half seas over," that Theodore Hook's wonderful power of improvisation could be most strongly brought into play; and when he was thus "primed," it was only requisite to name any Parliamentary orator, and suggest an appropriate subject, for him to make a speech which would be at once recognized as, alike in matter and in manner, such as the real man might have delivered!

But it is perhaps still more remarkable, that the presence of a morbid poison in the blood should be the means of bringing up, in the ravings of delirium, Memories which had long since passed away from the Conscious Mind. The case of the maid-servant who thus reproduced the passages of Hebrew, and other languages unknown to her, which, years before, she had heard her master read aloud as he walked up and down his passage, is well known. The following parallel case I heard, some years since, from an intimate friend of my own. An old Welch man-servant who had lived with one branch or another of my friend's family for fifty years, having left Wales at an early age, had entirely forgotten his native language; so that when any of his relatives came to see him, and spoke in the tongue most familiar to *them*, he was quite unable to understand it. But having an attack of fever when he was past seventy, he talked Welch fluently in his delirium.

— Cases of this kind are often referred to as proving that impressions made upon our consciousness are *registered* by some change in the condition of the Brain which is consequent upon their reception: but they seem to me to have a yet deeper significance; as has also that very singular phenomenon of the entire *loss* of a particular language (generally, if not always, the one *last* acquired) from either a *blow* on the head, or an attack of some zymotic disease which has *poisoned* the brain for a time. If we try to think-out the subject from the Physiological point of view, it will present itself in somewhat of the following shape. The record of each of those states of consciousness, of the aggregate of which the acquirement of a language consists, must consist in some change in the nutrition of the brain; say, for example, the development of a certain group of nerve-cells and nerve-fibres, constituting one connected system. The *material* particles constituting this system are continually changing; but, according to the laws of Nutrition so admirably expounded thirty years ago by Sir James Paget, the structure itself is kept up by *re-position* of new matter in the precise form of the old. So long as this structure remains in acting connection with other parts of the Brain habitually called into play, the *conscious* memory of the language is retained; that is, the individual *wishing* to recall the word or phrase that expresses the idea present to his mind can do so. But by disuse this becomes more and more difficult. Thus it happens to myself, as doubtless to many others, that if an unusually long interval elapses without my having occasion to *speak* French, I find myself unable to call to mind French words and phrases, which, if spoken to me, or seen in writing, I at once understand; and yet, after being a week or two in France, and in the daily habit of speaking the language, I find my ideas shaping themselves in it, in the *first instance*, without the process of translation. As a Physiologist I should say that the nerve-tracks which disuse has rendered imperfect, have restored themselves by use; so that the part of the Brain which has recorded the Language, has been brought back into ready connection with that which ministers to the current play of ordinary Thought. But a more prolonged disuse gradually produces such a disseverance, that the most determined effort cannot bring about the recall of equivalents in a language once even more familiar than that of later years; and yet the mechanism of the earlier



thought is still preserved in working order, waiting to be called into action. Whether it be the *toxic* condition of the blood, or the simple excitement of the cerebral circulation generally, or the special direction of blood to a particular part of it, we cannot tell; but this much is certain — that under what we cannot but term purely *Material* conditions, strictly *Mental* phenomena present themselves. But all Brain-change is (like the action of any other mechanism) the manifestation of Force; and, in my view, such changes simply translate (as it were) one form of force into another. Thus in the *original record* of any Idea, or set of Ideas, we may trace the following forms of Force: — *Chemical* force — that is, the attraction of certain Chemical Elements for each other — is embodied in the Organic Compounds which serve for the Nutrition of the Brain; *Vital* force — that is, Heat, converted by the Organism into its own form of energy, as the Thermo-electric pile converts it into Electricity — builds up these materials into certain forms of Organized tissue; *Nerve-force* — that is, Mind-force expressing itself through the Nervous apparatus — determined the particular mode in which the cells and fibres that are to record the impression shall be developed; and, finally, the *Mind-force*, which involves, as the condition of its production, the disintegration of a certain part of the previously-formed Cerebral tissue. On the other hand, when the recorded impressions, long stored away in the depths of forgetfulness, are called back into the sphere of conscious activity, we have every reason to believe that the converse process takes place; Chemical changes in the nerve-substance setting free Nerve-force, just as a Galvanic current is produced by Chemical changes in the battery so soon as the circuit is closed; and this Nerve-force, transmitted to that central Sensorium, which is the instrument of the most mysterious process in our whole nature, expressing itself as Mind-force.

Above and beyond all this Automatic Mechanism, but making use of it for its own purposes (as I have shown in a former Paper), is that Self-determining Will of Man, on which his Moral responsibility essentially depends. I do not altogether agree with Miss Cobbe \* that this Will is the Ego; I should rather say that it *determines* what the Ego shall be. For the Ego must be regarded as the sum-total or rather as the *resultant*, of the whole of

our Conscious Life; and this is made up alike of Automatic and of Volitional activity. But it should be the main object of Educational discipline, so to develop and direct the Volitional power, as to give it a control over the Automatic activity; and it should be the main object of the self-discipline of our whole lives, to keep that activity within the limits which our Will, under the guidance of our Moral and Religious sense, strives to impose upon it, and thus to bring our *entire* characters as nearly into conformity with the Divine Ideal as our imperfect nature admits.

I have thus endeavoured to *indicate* (for at present I can do no more) the line of Scientific thought, which appears to me most likely to bring clearly before us the presence of Mind and the exertion of Will in the phenomena of the Material Universe. And I have tried to show that if the Psychologist throws himself fearlessly into the deepest waters of speculative enquiry — provided that he trusts to the inherent buoyancy of the one fact of consciousness, that we have within us a self-determining Power which we call *Will*, — he need not be afraid of being dragged down into the "coarse materialism" of the Nature-Philosophers of Germany; but may accept to its fullest extent the doctrine of Evolution, with an increased rather than a diminished reverence for the Infinite Cause which has chosen that mode of manifesting itself; and may even find in the evidence that Mental activity can both determine, and be determined by, the Automatic activity of the Brain, the most satisfactory grounds which Science can afford for his belief that the phenomena of the Material Universe are the expressions of a Mind and Will, of which Man's is the finite prototype.

And if it should be said that such a view tends to degrade Mind by bringing it into so close a relation with Matter, I would ask, on the other hand, whether it is not through the phenomena of the *material* Universe, that we derive our grandest conceptions of the Creator's Power and Wisdom, and whether such conceptions are not absolutely necessary to *complete* the conception of His Goodness which we derive from our survey of the *moral* world. For myself, I can say that no thought has been so re-assuring to me, when oppressed by the sight of what has seemed a great Moral *retrogradation*, as that beautiful analogy drawn by Hartley between the movements of the Planets as seen respectively from the

\* "Macmillan's Magazine," Nov. 1870, p. 36.

Earth and from the Sun, and the phenomena of the Moral World as seen respectively from our own standpoint and as they would be seen from the centre of the whole system. For as the occasionally-retrograde motions of the Planets seen from the Earth would be all seen from the Sun as *continuous onward* circuits, so (says Hartley) if we could only take our stand in the Divine Benevolence, and could view all moral retrogradations (as we deem them) from that Centre, we should see them as *real* progressions. That "He maketh the wrath of Man to praise Him," or, in other words, that He turns even the evil passions of Men into instruments for bringing about His beneficent ends, — and that "the remainder [or excess] of wrath He will restrain," — has thus impressed itself on my mind as one of the most sublime of all the utterances of that old Hebrew Poet, whose profound Religious Insight enabled him to discern by anticipation what the Philosophic Historian now deduces from the Experience of the Past as one of its highest teachings.

Theologians, then, have much to learn from Science; and if they will once bring themselves to look upon Nature, or the Material Universe, as the embodiment of the Divine Thought, and at the Scientific Study of Nature as Man's endeavour to discover and apprehend that Thought (to have "thought the thoughts of God," was the privilege most highly esteemed by Kepler), they will see that instead of holding themselves altogether aloof from the pursuit of Science, or stopping short in the search for Scientific Truth wherever it points towards a result that seems in discordance with their preformed conceptions, it is their duty to set themselves honestly to consider, whether conclusions upon which *all* Men of Science agree, who have applied themselves carefully to any particular branch of inquiry (as, for example, that relating to the Antiquity of Man), or which even *most* of them are disposed to accept (as, for example, the Paleontological Continuity of Organic Life), are not at least as worthy of their credence, as the teachings of certain Ancient Books, which more and more distinctly appear, the more critically they are studied, to be simply the records of the early beliefs of the Hebrew Race as to their relations to their Theocratic Head.

That any *antagonism* should be supposed to exist between those "Laws" which express the Uniformities of Nature discovered by Science, and the Will of the Author of Nature as manifested in those uni-

formities, — so as for the acceptance of the former to exclude the notion of the latter, — is to me extremely surprising. And the conviction of such an antagonism which has been recently put forth by the intelligent author of "A Discourse on the Inductive Philosophy,"\* seems to me to have no other foundation than the doctrine of such Theologians as are utterly ignorant of Science, that the Universe is governed by "Arbitrary Supernatural Will." In this sense, indeed, it may well be said that "the scientific sense of the term Law is *entirely opposite* to that of Will;" still more is this the case if "Will, in the *only intelligible sense, or of which we can have any knowledge*, viz., Human Will, is vengeful, arbitrary, variable, and capricious." "The distinction in the human mind," continues the same writer, "between 'Will' and 'Law,' is not only very real, but is apparently ineradicable; for it is found historically to pervade all philosophical literature." — This may be very true of the past; but at the present time there is a tendency in this as in many other departments of Philosophy, to seek for a common basis of reconciliation between doctrines which *appear* antagonistic; and that basis is to be found in the idea that the *highest*, not the *lowest*, form of Human Will is to be taken as the type — imperfect and limited as it must be — of the Divine. Look, for example, at any of the great reforms which have been carried through, within the remembrance of men still living, by the determined will of a few individuals. Was it a "vengeful, arbitrary, variable, and capricious" Will, which enabled Clarkson and Wilberforce to bring about the Abolition of the Slave Trade, or Cobden and Bright to overthrow the Corn Laws? Was it not, on the contrary, a Will which, having set before itself a great and good object, steadily persevered in the course that led towards its accomplishment, which shaped its mode of operation to the best of its limited prescience, which was not discouraged by temporary failures, and which finally succeeded because the means employed were *on the whole* adapted to bring about the result? Now, if the Foreknowledge be infinite, there will be no failures, because the foreseen inadequacy of the means will prevent fruitless efforts. And if the Power be infinite, there will be no limitation of choice, except as to the means which will best conduce to the end

\* On the Inductive Philosophy, including a parallel between Lord Bacon and A. Comte as Philosophers: a Discourse delivered before the Sunday Lecture Society, by A. Elley Finch.

in view. Thus, then, there is no real antagonism between the scientific idea of Law, as expressive of Uniformity of Action, and the Theological idea of Will exerting itself with a fixed purpose according to a predetermined plan; and of the existence of such a plan, the revelations of Science furnish Theology with its best evidence. "For the Immutability of the Divine Nature is nowhere more clearly manifested than in that *continuance of the same mode of action*, not merely through the limited period of Human experience, but, as we have now strong reason (on scientific grounds alone) to believe, from the very commencement of the present system of the Universe, — which enables us to discern somewhat of the plan on which He has acted, and is still acting. If every action of the Creator were immediately prompted by present contingencies, instead of being the result of predetermination based on perfect knowledge of the future, there could be no Law. If that knowledge were, like Man's, imperfect, though we might trace a *general* method when the arrangements were viewed in their totality, the *details* would have much of that unsteadiness and occasional want of consistency which we perceive in the actions of even the best-regulated Human Mind. The *laws* would be made to bend to the necessities of the time; and new interpositions would be continually necessary, to correct the errors that would occasionally arise in the working of the machine. So far, however, is this from being the case in the Divine operations, that, in the only department of Science in which the Philosopher has been able, from the simplicity of the phenomena, to attain to a complete generalization of them, he has every reason to believe that the same laws have been in operation from the beginning, or, in other words, that the work of Creation was commenced upon a plan so perfect that no subsequent change in this plan has been required."\*

Let us take another illustration. "If I, as a Father," I wrote nearly thirty years ago, "had foreknowledge enough to form, at this moment, all my future plans for the education of my children, and had wisdom enough to adapt these plans in the best possible manner to their respective characters, as they are progressively developed, and to all the conditions in which they may hereafter find themselves, and had power enough to carry these plans into

operation, so that the course of events would not require the alteration of one tittle in their fulfilment, — would not this be a far more perfect manifestation of a Paternal character, than the continual change in his schemes which the Human parent is usually obliged to make, in order to adapt them to the purpose he has in view? The perpetual recurrence of *obvious design*, in the latter case, may be, to an ordinary bystander, more suggestive of the intentions of the Parent; but the more profound observer will take another view, and will have reason to doubt, from the necessity of the perpetual change, the wisdom of the controlling power. The idea of constancy and invariability in the Creator's plan, therefore, by referring *all* those provisions for Man's benefit which He has placed before us either in possession or in prospect, to the period when this present system of things had a beginning, — simply *antedates* the exercise of this discerning Love; and so far from our ideas of its nature losing any of their force on this account, it appears to me that they ought to be strengthened and elevated, in precisely the same ratio as I have endeavoured to show that our ideas of His Power and Wisdom are heightened in proportion to the remoteness of the point from which we view His operations, and the consequent extent of the survey that we can take."

The scientific sense of the term "Law," therefore, which simply implies Uniformity of Sequence, or the occurrence of the same events under the same conditions, so far from being in antagonism with the notion of "Will," is only in antagonism with that idea of its exercise which is furnished by a Theology now disowned by the best thinkers of our time. As Mr. Herbert Spencer has well remarked, "All minds have been advancing towards a belief in the constancy of surrounding co-existences and sequences. Familiarity with special uniformities has generated the abstract conception of Uniformity; and this idea has been in successive generations slowly gaining fixity and clearness. . . . Wherever there exist phenomena of which the dependence is not yet ascertained, these most cultivated intellects, impelled by the conviction that here, too, there is some invariable connection, proceed to observe, compare, and experiment; and when they discover the law to which the phenomena conform, as they eventually do, their general belief in the universality of Law is further strengthened. . . . This habitual recognition of Law distinguishes modern thought from ancient thought." But not

\* From the "Inquirer" papers already referred to.

even Mr. Herbert Spencer could express himself on this subject more explicitly, than did Dr. Chalmers more than forty years ago:—"It is no longer doubted by men of science, that every remaining semblance of irregularity in the Universe is due, not to the fickleness of Nature, but to the ignorance of Man,—that her most hidden movements are conducted with a uniformity as rigorous as Fate,—that even the fitful agitations of the weather have their law and their principle,—that the intensity of every breeze, and the number of drops in every shower, and the formation of every cloud, and all the recurring alternations of storm and sunshine, and the endless shiftings, of temperature, and those tremulous vibrations of the air which our instruments have enabled us to discover, but have not enabled us to explain,—that still, they follow each other by a method of succession, which, though greatly more intricate, is yet as absolute in itself as the order of the Seasons, or the mathematical courses of Astronomy. This is the impression of every philosophical mind with regard to Nature; and it is strengthened by each new accession that is made to science. The more we are acquainted with her, the more are we led to recognize her constancy, and to view her as a mighty though complicated machine, all whose results are sure, and all whose workings are invariable.\*"

There seems to be another source, however, for the supposed antagonism between the notion of Law and that of Will as the governing and sustaining power of the Universe; namely, the idea that when God is said to "govern by law," it is implied that some agency exists *between* Himself and Nature. This idea seems to have its origin in the imperfect analogy supplied by Human legislation,—an analogy so misleading that I should earnestly wish, that the term Law could be altogether banished from Science, if it were not that, when carefully examined, the Laws of Man's devising are found to be nothing else than expressions of certain *predetermined uniformities of action of the Governing Power*. In the infancy of human society, the king of each people, or the chieftain of each tribe, is "a law unto himself;" that is, his decisions are arbitrary, his judgments determined by his personal will,—though not, perhaps, altogether uninfluenced by hereditary custom or by public opinion. But gradually it comes to be felt that uniformity of system is desir-

able, that punishments should be strictly proportioned to offences, that the rights of property should be defined, that the relations of marriage and of family, of master and bondman, should be settled and prescribed; and a code of laws comes to be constructed, which attracts and crystallizes (as it were) into a definite and coherent form the separate atoms that were previously free and independent—each deriving a power of its own from either the general Will of the People, or the individual Will of the Sovereign; and that power being the real source of the efficacy of the code, which merely expresses the uniformity of the mode in which it is thenceforth to be exercised.

Parallel illustrations may be drawn from our own jurisprudence at the present time. Every one knows that, in addition to our "Statute Law," there is a great body of "Common Law," consisting of the decisions of those who are accredited as our ablest Judges, upon a great number and variety of questions to which the statute law does not apply. The *coercive efficacy* of these decisions is derived from the public opinion of the legal profession which sanctions them, backed by the governing power which adopts them; and if they were digested into a Code of Statute Laws, they would only gain in accessibility, conciseness, and uniformity, perhaps at the expense of intelligibility and direct applicability. In either case they would be the expressions of the Will of the Governing Power, guided by the judgment on which it relies for its guidance.—So, again, the Law of the Equity Courts, as it is now coming to be called, is the body of accepted decisions of the Court of Chancery, upon a class of cases in which the first principles of Justice between man and man are professedly regarded as the guide, rather than formal rules. The original function of these Courts (if the popular understanding of it be well founded) was to decide cases for which the stricter jurisdiction of the Common Law Courts could not supply a remedy. The Sovereign was appealed to for his interference, and took upon himself to supply the defect, by hearing the suit and personally deciding upon it. He found it desirable, however, to have recourse to the advice of his Chancellor, who thus came to be called the "keeper of the king's conscience;" and in consequence of the increase of appeals of this nature, that officer became in the end an Equity Judge, with authority to exercise the Sovereign Power to give effect to his decisions.—Now suppose that the

\* Chalmers's Works, vol. vii. p. 204.

views of our most advanced Law Reformers were carried out, that the unwritten Law alike of the Courts of Equity and of Common Law were reduced to a Code, that a fusion of these jurisdictions took place, and that the Judges of both, as representatives of the Sovereign, administered this Code, what would the *coercive efficacy* of this uniform system depend on, save the Power which its Ministers derive from the Sovereign, and the Sovereign ultimately from the People?

But we may go still higher. Suppose that the principles of Justice and Equity could be *perfectly* understood, and could be *uniformly* acted on,—with freedom from all personal bias, and with entire knowledge of all the circumstances of each case,—by the Judges appointed by the Crown, there would be no need of any Code of Laws at all, except for the information of those who are amenable to it. In fact, the study of their decisions would enable a systematic code to be constructed, every part of which would be in perfect harmony with the rest; just as the laws of Musical construction are mainly based upon the methods followed by those great Composers, whose works are accepted by the common consent of the most cultivated musicians as of dominant authority.

But we may go higher still. Supposing that the principles of Justice and Equity were thoroughly understood and acted on by *every individual* of a community, there would be no necessity for any law whatever; since everyone, doing what is right in *his own* eyes, would also be respecting the rights of *others*. This, of course, would be the millennium of human society; and we are still far enough from it. Yet there always have been limited communities in which this condition has been approached sufficiently nearly to show that it is at least *theoretically* possible. In such a case, the Law, if thought of at all, would be thought of in the way that every truly right-minded man thinks of it now. For the question would be—*not*, “What penalty shall I incur by the violation of it?”—*but*, “What is it right and just that I should do in this particular conjuncture of circumstances?” And thus the first principles of Justice and Equity, penetrating the whole mechanism of society, would guide its working as uniformly and consistently as any Code of Laws could do.

Hence the analogy of Human Legislation, when thoroughly traced out, affords no support whatever to the idea that in the Divine Government of the Universe there is an agency of any kind whatever

*intervening* between the First Cause and the Phenomena of Nature. For since no Human Law is in reality anything else than the expression of the Will of the Governing Power,—whether that power be wielded by a single individual who rules by his personal supremacy, or be vested in him as the impersonation of the will of the whole community, or be directly exerted by the community itself, its action upon those who are subject to it is simply the constant, though silent, operation of that Will; which loses all its coercive efficacy, the moment that the Power which enforces it is withdrawn by the overthrow of the Government which exercised it. Now if the Law as first laid down by a Human legislator prove inadequate to produce the desired effect, he modifies or changes it; the alteration being required simply on account of his limited foreknowledge. Supposing him to be endowed with the Infinite Prescience of the Divine Being, all the results of any exertion of his Will that he might embody in a Law, would be so completely foreseen in the first instance, that (supposing him to be possessed of adequate Power) he could adapt his Law to the purpose it is to serve, with such perfection as to render any subsequent alteration unnecessary.

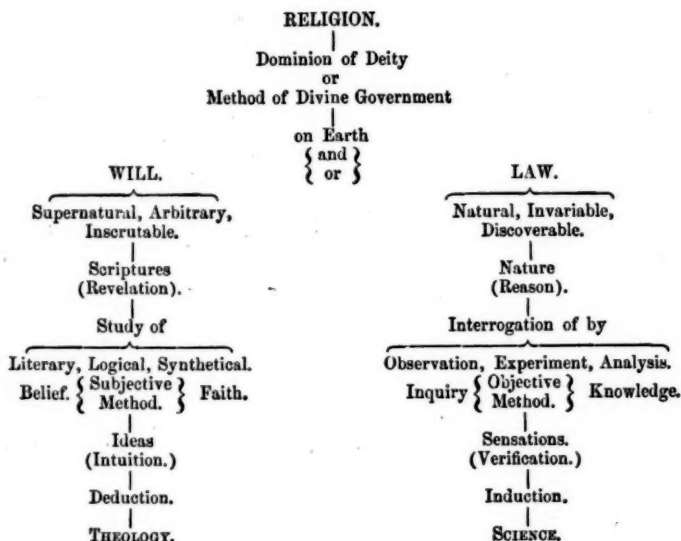
The one essential difference between Legislation, whether Divine or Human, for the Moral Government of Man, and the method of the Divine Government in the Physical Universe, consists in this:—that those predetermined uniformities of the Will of the Governing Power which are to act upon the Minds of responsible beings, must be *expressed* in a form intelligible to them, in order that they may exert their appropriate influence; whilst the direct and immediate operation of that Will in the phenomena of the Universe makes itself only known to us through the Uniformities which we recognize in those phenomena, *our own expressions of which* (so far as they have been discerned by us) we call the “Laws of Nature.” But it is obvious that this difference is superficial, not fundamental; affecting rather the mode in which we become acquainted with the Governing Will, than the *modus operandi* of the Will itself. We may say that God governs the Moral World by Laws, because the two great Christian Commandments are accepted by us all as expressions of His Will, conforming (as they do) to the highest teachings of our own Moral Sense. But in regard to the Physical Universe, it seems to me that we ought to substitute for the phrase “Government by Laws,”



"Government according to Laws;" — meaning thereby, the exertion of the Divine Will, or the operation of the First Cause, according to certain constant uniformities, which are simply unchangeable

because — as they were originally devised by Infinite Wisdom — any change would be for the worse.

The contrast which Mr. Finch has set forth in the following Table,



as to the method of the Divine Government, between *Will* and *Law*, seems to me to represent only the contrast between such an Anthropomorphic conception of the Deity as (I should hope) is entertained by but few Theologians at the present time, and that higher and larger conception of His Nature and Attributes which is based on modern Scientific Culture. Some thoughts on this point, which I expressed twenty years ago in a work now out of print, may be not unappropriately reproduced here: —

"The conception which each individual forms of the Divine Nature depends in great degree upon his own habits of thought; but there are two extremes, towards one or other of which most of the current notions on this subject may be said to tend, and between which they seem to have oscillated in all periods of the history of Monotheism. These are *Pantheism* and *Anthropomorphism*.

"Towards the Pantheistic aspect of Deity we are especially led by the philosophic contemplation of His agency in External Nature; for in proportion as we fix our attention exclusively upon the 'Laws' which

express the orderly sequence of its phenomena, and upon the 'Forces' whose agency we recognize as their immediate causes, do we come to think of the Divine Being as the mere *First Principle* of the Universe, as an all-Comprehensive 'Law' to which all other laws are subordinate, as that most general 'Cause' of which all the physical forces are but manifestations. This conception embodies a great truth and a fundamental error. Its truth is the recognition of the universal and all-controlling agency of the Deity, and of His presence in Creation rather than on the outside of it. Its error lies in the absence of any distinct recognition of that *conscious volitional* agency, which is the essential attribute of Personality; for without this, the Universe is nothing else than a great self-acting machine, its Laws are but the expressions of 'surd necessity,' and all the higher tendencies and aspirations of the Human Soul are but 'a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.'

"The Anthropomorphic Conception of Deity, on the other hand, arises from the too exclusive contemplation of *our own* nature as the type of the Divine; and al-



though in the highest form in which it may be held, it represents the Deity as a Being in whom all the noblest attributes of Man's spiritual essence are expanded to Infinity, yet it is practically limited and degraded by the impossibility of *fully* realizing such an existence to our minds; the failings and imperfections incident to our Human Nature being attributed to the Divine, in proportion as the low standard of intellectual and moral development in each individual keeps down his idea of possible excellence. Even the lowest form of any such Conception, however, embodies (like the Pantheistic) a great truth, though mingled with a large amount of error. It represents the Deity as a *Person*; that is, as possessed of that intelligent Volition, which we recognize in ourselves as the source of the power we determinately exert, through our bodily organism, upon the world around; and it invests him also with those moral attributes, which place Him in sympathetic relation with His sentient creatures. But this conception is erroneous, in so far as it represents the Divine Nature as restrained in its operations by any of those limitations which are inherent in the very Constitution of Man; and in particular, because it leads those who accept it to think of the Creator as 'a remote and retired mechanician, inspecting from without the engine of Creation to see how it performs,' and as either leaving it entirely to itself when once it has been brought into full activity, or as only interfering at intervals to change the mode of its operation.

"Now the truths which these views separately contain are in perfect harmony with each other; and the very act of bringing them into combination, effects the elimination of the errors with which they were previously associated. For the idea of the universal and all-controlling agency of the Deity, and of His immediate presence throughout Creation, is not found to be in the least degree inconsistent with the

idea of His personality, when that idea is detached from the limitations which cling to it in the minds of those who have not expanded their Anthropomorphic conception by the scientific contemplation of Nature. On the contrary, when we have once arrived at that conception of Force as an expression of *Will*, which we derive from our own experience of its production, the universal and constantly-sustaining agency of the Deity is recognized in every phenomenon of the external Universe; and we are thus led to feel that in the Material Creation itself we have the same distinct evidence of His personal existence and ceaseless activity, as we have of the agency of Intelligent Minds in the creations of Artistic genius, or in the elaborate contrivances of Mechanical skill, or in those written records of Thought which arouse our physical nature into kindred activity."

If God be *outside* the Physical Universe, then do those extended ideas of its vastness remove Him further and further from us. But if He be embodied *in* it, then does every such extension give us a larger notion of His being. Entertaining these views, I need scarcely say how entirely I concur in the following expression of them recently given by Mr. Martineau, with his characteristic power and felicity of language:—"What, indeed, have we found by moving out along all radii into the Infinite? That the whole is woven together in one sublime tissue of intellectual relations, geometric and physical,—the realized original, of which all our science is but the partial copy. That science is the crowning product and supreme expression of human reason. . . . Unless, therefore, it takes more mental faculty to construe [or, as I should say, to interpret] a Universe than to cause it, to read the Book of Nature than to write it, we must more than ever look upon its sublime face as the living appeal of thought to thought."

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

ALTHOUGH the Emperor of Germany wages war against Ultramontane fanaticism, he does not exhibit any disposition to encourage free-thinking among his Protestant subjects. Recently the orthodox consistory of Hanover issued a prohibition against the pastors of the district putting their churches at the disposal of the Protestant Rationalist Association for holding its approaching congress. In consequence of this a deputation was sent to Berlin to appeal to

the Emperor, and request him to direct the withdrawal of the Consistorial interdict. The German papers announce that the Emperor declined to receive the deputation. From this circumstance the Roman Catholic journals draw the inference that the ultimate purpose of the Emperor is to establish the supremacy of orthodox Protestantism in Germany, so that it should become the national Church, to the exclusion of every other religion.

Fall Mail Gazette.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE BURGOMASTER'S FAMILY; OR, WEAL  
AND WOE IN A LITTLE WORLD.

BY CHRISTINE MULLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH BY SIR JOHN  
SHAW LEFEVRE.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## SORROW AND CONSOLATION.

I MUST return to Emmy, going back to her from the week which witnessed the events at Beckley just related. We left her on the morning after the day on which she received the terrible shock of learning Bruno's inconstancy.

Who does not know the sensation with which one awakes during a deep sorrow, the faint consciousness of something terrible which presses upon the heart, and which, on first opening the eyes, slowly acquires form and shape, and stands before the bed like a frowning spectre in the clear daylight?

Who does not know the hopeless feeling that makes one press one's head deeper into the pillow with a sense of shrinking dread at the return of daylight; a longing to sink back again into the sweet forgetfulness of sleep—sleep, which has fled at the first sigh of pain? The hours go by; the business of the day demands our attention; the sun shines as clearly, the birds sing as merrily, the sky is as blue and unclouded, and the world follows its course whether we have joyful or bleeding hearts; on and on without sympathy or pity for us! . . .

Such an awaking had Emmy Welters on the morning of which I write. The excitement of the previous evening and of the night had subsided, and with it the impression of the words which seemed as if they had been spoken in a dream, and a blank dejection was almost the only feeling of which she was conscious.

She felt, however, more than on the previous evening, the grievous reality of her trouble, and still more the bitterness which was the principal feature of her sorrow.

In proportion as her confidence in Bruno had been unbounded, was the severity of the shock which his unfaithfulness caused her. It was not a sorrow which could find relief in tears or complaints, but a sorrow which, with its sharp tooth, gnawed at her heart, and made it hard and incapable of any softer emotion. Till to-day the thought had never come into Emmy's heart that she had sacrificed anything for Bruno, that there was any merit in her

love and faith, or in her power of endurance in spite of opposition and separation.

Had not the sense of reciprocal love supported her and rendered it impossible for her to give way?

But now that the love on Bruno's side had fallen away, the long account which made Bruno her debtor stood forth in burning characters before her mind, the account in which ingratitude was added to the score of inconstancy.

And when she thought how short a time it had taken Bruno to forget her; how, knowing with what a longing she would look for his letters, he had not even made her acquainted with the truth; when she thought that his love and tenderness, which she had made the greatest treasure of her heart, were now dedicated to another woman—when Emmy meditated on all this, and could not drive away these thoughts for a single hour—nay, for a single moment, then no tears flowed from her burning eyes, no sighs of sorrow escaped from her breast, and she sat down in a state of utter despondency which seemed to banish all hope of happiness in the future.

Sometimes she hated herself for not being able to control her thoughts, or to prevent herself from placing Bruno before her eyes with the honourable, open-hearted look which lived in her recollection; sometimes she felt herself to be wicked and unwomanly, when, at the simple thought of Christian forgiveness, a rebellious spirit broke forth in her which overpowered all gentler emotions, and made her lips refuse to express a wish for the happiness of him who had rendered her so miserable.

And who will condemn my poor heroine?

I know that there are individuals whose goodness is so unbounded, that even upon a discovery like that of Emmy's they would at once speak the word of forgiveness, not only with the lips, but with the heart; but I know likewise that one must be almost an angel, or a being entirely without character, to be able to do this without a violent struggle.

Emmy was, however, neither the one nor the other.

Emmy would have looked upon it as a boon had any household duties been assigned to her, which would have forced her to work and exert herself, and thus have afforded her some distraction. To read was as impossible as to fix her mind on any studies; and needlework, that reviving cordial for sorrowful meditation, was a torment to her, as it involved sitting still, and that, in her present restless

frame of mind, was equally impossible. Thus, in these first sad days, the presence of little Seyna was quite a relief to her.

She passed the whole day with the child, either in her room or in the garden, and Seyna's merry chatter, whilst Emmy occupied herself with teaching her music, diverted her thoughts and sustained her as nothing else could have done at this time. And what was begun out of simple inclination was continued out of warm affection, which was stimulated by the attachment of the child to herself.

"Cousin Emmy" was always on Seyna's lips. She followed Emmy about the house like a little dog, and though her wilful little self would not mind what anyone else said to her, she gave way at a single word from Emmy, just as at a look from her father.

Her father, Siword Hiddema, was often the subject of Emmy's thoughts in connection with his little daughter. How cold, how strict, how hard he was sometimes towards Seyna; but nevertheless Emmy was quite aware that the child was the object of his idolatrous love. Had she not seen him turn pale when the child had any little accidental fall, and yet scolding her when, on taking her up, he found her unhurt, instead of kissing and petting her, which would have been Emmy's own natural impulse?

And how dear, how very dear, was the father to the child! How she coloured with joy at an approving word from his lips! What greater pleasure could she have than to stand by his knee with her hand upon his arm, or to be taken by him for a walk or a visit? Evidently spoiled, and not accustomed to obey others, the very appearance of opposition vanished in Seyna at the sound of his voice; but to pour out her little heart to him, to fall upon his neck in a transport of joy over any little pleasure, as she did with Emmy, that she never did with her father.

Was this coldness of heart in Siword real or only apparent? Had a youth passed without father and mother, and among strangers, suppressed the evidence of warm feelings, or the warm feelings themselves? These were riddles which Emmy tried in vain to solve.

Her interest in the child, who nestled in her affections more and more every day, made her watch Siword with special attention.

Would the warm heart of the little girl be chilled by his coldness, or would his melt under the warmth which glowed from hers?

Siword Hiddema talked much and agreeably; his company was a great addition to any society, and there were few men who so seldom spoke of themselves.

He was communicative enough about his plans for the future; but of his past life, of his feelings and sensations, he never spoke, and there was something about him that involuntarily kept back every one from addressing him on subjects which he did not seem to wish to bring forward.

Emmy did not see much of him. The purchase of Sollingen, which had been completed according to his wish, gave occasion for many journeys to and fro; and as these had to be arranged so as to enable him to go and return the same day, it naturally ended in his establishing himself there altogether; not as yet in the chateau itself, but in a lodging in the village; while it was hardly ten days after the first arrival of Cousin Siword in Dilburg, that the terrible misfortune, already known to us, occurred at Beckley; and Emmy, in the very same hour that the news of Celine's death reached the family, left her home, and took up her abode with her miserable brother. Sorrowful as the occasion was, and much as Emmy was shocked by the sudden news of Celine's death, there was yet something in these events which operated favourably on her state of mind, revived her interest in life, and aroused her faculties from the temporary stupor into which they had fallen.

The thought that it was now her duty to support Otto, and to comfort him as far as human power could do so; to repress her own grief and feelings, in order to share more heartily in the great sorrow that had come upon her brother; to put her own self aside, and to live and care for another; this it was which brought into activity her generous impulses, and delivered Emmy from a selfish apathy, which sometimes springs even in a noble heart from trials such as she had experienced. And it was no easy task which devolved upon her.

When Emmy came to Otto, she found him, as it were, stunned and paralyzed by grief beside Celine's body, which he refused to leave till the day when her earthly remains were to be consigned to the grave. But he was not in a condition to pay this last honour to his wife. Sick in body and mind, hardly able to hold out in his wish to remain with her till the last moment, he fell down insensible as he was trying to walk to the carriage which was waiting for him.

Then came difficult days for Emmy, which extended themselves into weeks. Otto's condition could not exactly be called ill; it consisted in a sort of utter prostration, in which he could do nothing but lie on the sofa for hours.

He could endure no one near him except Emmy. He obeyed her when she pressed him to do anything; but his powers of mind seemed to be unequal to any exertion or to business, and it pained Emmy much to see him so changed, so emaciated, so grown old, without her being able to devise anything which could awaken in him a new interest in life.

She sat by him from morning till night. With unflinching courage she tried every day afresh to excite his attention in all sorts of ways, and to rouse his interest, constantly hoping and trusting that her efforts, unsuccessful to-day, would be crowned with success on the morrow.

One day, when Otto had fallen asleep after dinner, Emmy took advantage of the short interval of rest to walk up and down the terrace.

She had seldom of late gone out of doors, and the soft summer air of a July afternoon, the south wind which played through her hair and cooled her forehead, gave her an indescribable sense of well-being. She had not been there many minutes, when footsteps on the gravel walk between the gate and the terrace made her look up, and she went to meet Siword Hidema with a friendly greeting.

During the past weeks Siword had taken possession of his house at Sollingen, but his little daughter still remained at Dilburg until he could have some rooms in the château made habitable for her, and for the reception of the governess to whom he was about to entrust her.

Siword, as well as the family and many friends of Otto's, had been several times at Beckley, but except for a few minutes when he had seen Emmy, he had been no better received than anyone else. When people were convinced that Otto was in earnest in wishing to be alone, they had mostly stayed away, and Beckley was more quiet and solitary than ever. The solitude and stillness as if the house were deserted began to oppress Emmy by its long duration, and made her welcome with real pleasure not only Siword, but the change which his arrival might produce.

"How are you going on here, Emmy?"

"Alas! always the same. Otto will see no one; he continues dull and listless, and as yet time seems to have brought no alleviation to his grief."

"This must not go on," said Siword in a decided tone.

"No, I feel myself that it cannot go on long; but every day I begin to see more and my own powerlessness to bring about any alteration, and Otto cannot or will not help me."

For a moment Siword made no answer. He looked with interest into Emmy's face, which was pale, and said in an earnest and almost fatherly tone:

"Child, you look pale. Is anything the matter with you?"

Emmy assured him in a few words of her own perfect well-being, and asked immediately after Seyna, whilst her eyes expressed the warmest interest.

"The little lady is very unhappy at the departure of Cousin Emmy," said Siword, smiling; "every time I come to Dilburg, she asks me when I am going to bring you back again, for she seems to have made up her mind that it is my fault that you went away. Fortunately a great love for children has manifested itself in Mina, and she does all she possibly can to supplant you in Seyna's affections, but hitherto without much success."

A satirical expression on Siword's lips made Emmy smile involuntarily, for what he said agreed so entirely with what she had herself noticed, when she heard Mina, who had never before given herself any trouble about children, speak to Seyna in Siword's presence with tender and caressing words, and saw her ostentatiously display a love which the little girl, with all the honesty which is only to be found undegenerated in the hearts of little children, had met with particular coldness.

Siword and Emmy had been standing talking to each other in this way in front of the house; but without answering his last remark she exclaimed suddenly:

"I ought to have asked you to come in, for you must be tired with your walk, but I can offer you nothing more than a chair, for if Otto wakes, I must go and sit with him. The housekeeper will make a cup of tea for you if you like."

"No, Emmy," answered Siword in the decided tone which was peculiar to him; "when Otto wakes you must take me in to him."

"I dare not. He has strictly forbidden me to let anyone, whoever it may be, come in to him."

"We will do it, however — unasked is unrefused. In the worst case, should Otto be angry, his wrath itself will do him good, will waken him out of his apathy."

Emmy was silent; she hesitated to try

this experiment, and yet she dared not oppose the will of Siword, who generally spoke with a decision which excluded all contradiction.

"Do you speak to Otto now and then, Emmy, about his wife?"

"I have tried once or twice, but it seemed to give him pain, and as yet he has never answered me."

"And since then you have avoided the subject?" resumed Siword, looking at her with a smile.

"What else could I do?"

"That I hope to show you presently."

They walked in silence up and down the terrace; and a quarter of an hour later, Emmy with a beating heart took him to the door of Otto's room, while she herself went back to the terrace to continue her walk.

Restless and uncertain respecting the venture of admitting anyone to her brother, contrary to his strict orders, it was impossible for her to fix her thoughts on anything else but the meeting of Siword and Otto.

She was forced to acknowledge that a change in Otto's condition was urgently necessary, and that certainly no one could exercise more influence over him than Siword Hiddema; but she was in the highest degree uneasy as to how Otto would take this visit, in the blame of which she felt she had a share.

Twice she slipped upstairs to the door of Otto's room. The first time she heard the voice of Siword, who seemed to be addressing Otto; and the second time, to her great joy, she also heard Otto's voice, which convinced her that a conversation was taking place between them. More than an hour passed, however, before Emmy heard Siword calling for her, and in a few moments she was in Otto's room.

But what a change had this room undergone! Emmy could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw that the blinds, which had been closed at Otto's wish, were open, and that the cheerful daylight had replaced the half darkness which had reigned in the room during the weeks of sorrow; but now the sweet-scented summer air came in unhindered through the open windows.

At one of these windows sat Otto in a large chair; his face was turned away from Emmy, and his eyes wandered over the beautiful landscape glowing red in the evening sun; his eyelids were swollen by fresh tears; but the unnatural rigidity which had marked his countenance since Celine's death had vanished.

When Emmy came nearer, he turned

towards her, put out his hand to her, and said gently:

"Emmy dear, till to-day I have been altogether ungrateful for your good care of me. Forgive me!"

Tears rushed into Emmy's eyes, and she was unable to answer.

She kissed Otto and cast a grateful glance at Siword, who, standing by the window, appeared to pay no attention to the little scene between brother and sister; but he now turned round, and said in a lively, encouraging tone:

"Now, Emmy, you must make us a cup of tea, and let us come and sit sociably together."

If Emmy was surprised at the alteration of Otto's room, she was still more surprised in the course of the evening at the alteration in Otto himself.

The unnatural tension of his mind since Celine's death appeared to have given way, and to have been replaced by a grave, sorrowful mood, which, however, no longer excluded all interest in other things.

Of his own accord he now began to speak to Siword and Emmy about Celine. Without going into the details of the sad circumstances under which her death had taken place, he told them that it was not in peace that they had separated that morning, but that the look given him by Celine with her dying eyes had afforded him the tranquillizing conviction that they had parted in love and peace.

He spoke, too, of the powerlessness which he had felt in himself to make her permanently happy; and then, again, he plunged into recollections, in which all the later period of his married life seemed obliterated, and he appeared to think only of the days when his heart was filled with admiration and passionate love for her.

Siword did not at first try to oppose the outpouring of Otto's grief. On the contrary, he brought back the conversation whenever it threatened to wander from the subject, and thus gave Otto an opportunity of giving vent to all the long pent-up feelings with which his mind had been full. And gradually, almost imperceptibly, he contrived at last to give the conversation another turn, and to excite Otto's interest by all kinds of stories, with which his various travels had plentifully supplied him. How pleasant this evening appeared to Emmy in comparison with the sad weeks of late, I can hardly describe to you. And a feeling of respect and regard for Siword Hiddema established itself in her heart which never left her under all the various circumstances of her life.



"If I believed in magic I should accuse you of being in league with the black art, Siword," said Emmy, smiling, when on his departure she accompanied him to the terrace. "Thank you a thousand times for coming."

"I must in honour confess to you, Emmy, that the result of my efforts has far surpassed my expectations; but the mystery of the magic consists simply in this, that experience has taught me what Otto must feel, and I knew how to find the chords which have their echo in his heart."

Emmy waited in silence with Siword a few steps. This was the first time since she had known him that he had alluded to his deceased wife.

A certain timidity restrained her from proceeding with this subject, although she would willingly have said a word to him testifying her sympathy.

But before she could think of anything quite suitable, the pause had already continued too long for her to come back to the subject, whilst the seriousness which spread over his countenance restrained her from bringing the conversation to anything else.

Somewhat confused, she stood still to give him her hand at parting.

"We shall soon see you again, shall we not?"

"As soon as ever I can; but certainly not to-morrow. To-morrow I must take your family to Sollingen and be their host all day. I need not tell you, Emmy, that it would be with greater pleasure if you could be of the party."

Keeping hold of her hand, which she had held out to him, he looked at her as he said these words with a long earnest look in her eyes which made Emmy involuntarily blush and become confused.

She drew her hand back, and said as calmly as possible, "It annoys me also that I cannot see Sollingen; but of course I must not be missed by Otto."

"No, of course not," he answered in his cool, calm, ordinary tone, and greeting her, he pursued his way to the gate.

On the second day after Siword's visit to Beckley, as Emmy had gone to her room after breakfast to write a letter, she was called downstairs, and found Siword Hiddema in the sitting-room holding Seyna by the hand.

With a cry of joy the child sprang to meet Emmy, and when Emmy stooped to kiss her Seyna threw her arms round Emmy's neck, clinging also to her in the delight of seeing her again. There was something in the heartiness of the little girl which struck Emmy, and when she got

loose from Seyna to greet Siword, there was a moisture in the blue eyes which looked at him.

"You must let the child stay here to-day, Siword; we find it absolutely necessary that we should be together—don't we, Seyna?"

The child looked wistfully at her father, and curiously, as if from the expression of her father's countenance she would gather the fulfilment of her wish.

But Siword answered that look as little as Emmy's question.

"Seyna," he said, bringing the child to the open door, which led on to the terrace, "do you see that red flower?"

"Yes, papa."

"Go and gather it for me."

The little girl looked up at Emmy, who nodded assent; then she obeyed immediately, and in a few moments was out of hearing.

"The fact is, I have come to bring you the child, not for to-day only, but for a good long time; at least, if you will be good enough to receive her. You know," he proceeded, "that this week I expected the governess under whose care Seyna was to be placed at Sollingen. Yesterday I received intelligence that she is ill, and that several weeks must elapse before she will be well enough to enter upon her duties. I cannot let her be so long with Mrs. Welters, and I have come to the resolution to ask your aid in this matter."

"And you would not ask me if you did not know how glad I should be to have her," said Emmy, heartily; "but, Siword, what will mamma say? I am sure she will take it ill."

"Very possibly," said Siword, coolly; "but it is a matter of indifference with me who takes it ill when the welfare of my child is concerned. The way in which the family manage her does not please me; it may be with good intentions that they give way to her in everything, and they overload her with sweetmeats from morning till night. It is, however, too contrary to my theory of education to be endured any longer. In your own intercourse with Seyna I have observed you often enough to know that with you she runs no risk of being sacrificed to a mischievous indulgence, the results of which I have too often witnessed not to wish to protect my child from it, and I should therefore entrust her to your good care with a perfect sense of security."

"And I hope not to make you repent of your confidence in me, Siword; but I must urgently entreat you to make mamma



clearly understand that the child's coming here is not my doing."

"Naturally." The word was pronounced by Siword as coldly and decidedly as if the objections of Mrs. Welters were worthless.

Thus Seyna remained at Beckley, whilst for some weeks nothing remarkable happened; it was a time of repose to which Emmy in later years always recurred with great pleasure.

The change which that visit of Siword had caused in the condition and state of mind of Otto promised to be of a durable kind. Dating from that evening his reviving powers of mind and interest in life slowly but steadily increased. As I said before, the days which followed were more agreeable to Emmy than any she could recollect for years. It is true that her heart often bled when she thought of Bruno and his broken faith; but there was nevertheless also a certain relief in the cessation of that painful uncertainty which had tortured her for so long a time; and if all hope of good had forsaken her, yet there was repose to be found in the sad certainty which gave a clearly definite form to her sorrow. And a relief to Emmy it might be deemed to be away from her ordinary and oppressive *entourage*; a relief to have no longer before her eyes William's gloomy menacing countenance, and to be spared from hearing her step-mother's shrill voice resounding through the house.

How delightful it seemed to her not to be shut up in the stifling town in the fine warm weather, to see around her the fresh country air and the gloriousness of nature in its full summer beauty. What an agreeable satisfying feeling to be able to devote herself to two beings whom she loved; to feel that she was necessary and useful to Otto and to Seyna, and that she must take care of them and be with them.

Within a few days' time the trio became inseparable: the melancholy man, bowed down by the heavy trial which weighed upon him like lead; the young girl, who had seen her star of hope set, and was gradually recovering from the bitter experience which had passed over her like the chill of a night frost, and which if it had not annihilated the young blossoms of trust, hope and love, had greatly damaged them: and the merry child, sporting in the full sunshine of careless childhood, who without knowing it was awakening the two older ones in years and experience to a new life of hope and courage.

The life at Beckley might otherwise be said to be monotonous enough, and the occasional visits of the family from Dilburg were the only change in these days, of which there is little to be said except that one was just like another.

To read and to walk, to keep Seyna busy with her lessons, or join Otto in playing with her; to help her brother in looking over and putting by all the things which had belonged to Celine, with warm and hearty sympathy in his variable moods; these were now the tasks laid upon Emmy. And the old sparkle came back into her eyes; her face recovered its roundness, and if its melancholy expression had not entirely vanished, at least the old smile, bringing back the dimples in her cheeks, would again come to her lips and enliven the soft, sad, pensive expression of her eyes.

But Siword's visits afforded the most change and the greatest source of pleasure to the present residents at Beckley.

Sometimes he would spend a long evening, now and then a whole day there, or sometimes he would even sleep there; but whenever he came he always brought with him cheerfulness and sociability.

Generally when he came to Beckley, Emmy left him for hours alone with Otto, and nothing seemed to have such a good effect upon Otto as these meetings with Siword, which usually ended in long walks about the woods and lanes of the estate, in which Emmy and Seyna accompanied them.

But these good days for Emmy were speedily to be brought to a close.

On a certain day in July, Otto and Emmy were sitting together in the verandah behind the house, waiting for Siword and Seyna, who had gone on a visit to some acquaintances at Arnheim.

Emmy had already made several vain attempts to enter into conversation with Otto, who, quite different to what he had been during the last week, sat beside her still and pensive, and gazing at her as if in a dream, till he said suddenly:

"Emmy, things cannot go on like this with me. Siword is right; I must not give way any longer to the sickly state of mind which masters me and makes me incapable of any exertion. I must go away from here."

Surprised and alarmed, Emmy looked at her brother.

"Away from here, Otto! And where?"

"Siword says that travelling is the only thing which will restore the balance of my mind, and at least I will try it."

Emmy started up from her chair, and standing close to Otto laid her hand on his shoulder, and asked him in an anxious tone :

"Then I may go with you, Otto, may I not? Then we would go together through the wide, wide world—"

But Otto would not let her say any more.

"No, Emmy," he said, shaking his head with a sorrowful expression in his eyes, "as certainly as I feel that I must go, so certainly I know that I must go alone. If it is to do me any good, I must be alone among strangers, where no one and nothing can remind me of what I have suffered here. And then I could not take a young lady in the places where I wish to travel. Algiers, Egypt, Palestine and Persia are the countries I hope to visit, and you would not be able to bear the privations and difficulties of such a tour, which rather attract me than otherwise."

"Otto, I did so wish to remain with you. I am so much happier here than at home," and, bursting into tears, she laid her head upon his shoulder.

"My dear, good Emmy," said Otto, deeply moved, and embracing her. "Heaven knows what good your presence has done me; but to take you with me is impossible. I shall certainly not be away more than a year; have patience till then, my dear little sister. If you do not then feel happy at home, on my return we can live together, and I hope then to have an opportunity of rewarding you for all the goodness which you have shown me in this sad home."

He kissed her tenderly, but disengaged himself gently from her, and left the verandah deeply affected.

Emmy went back to her seat, and resting her head upon the iron garden table before her, she sobbed and cried as if her heart would break.

Latterly she had lived on from day to day without anxiety for the future, and had enjoyed her life as if it was always to be so, and the very possibility of the blow which had fallen upon her had never entered her head.

The idea of returning to Dilburg, to her stepmother's, where was her natural home, drove her to despair; and becoming more and more agitated, she sobbed so that her whole frame shook.

"Child, what is the matter?" said all at once a well-known voice close to her; and Emmy, looking up in alarm, met the eyes of Siword Hiddema, which were resting on her with a gentle earnestness.

Emmy's only answer was to hide her face in her hands again, and to sob more than ever.

The next moment her head was gently raised, and her cold, trembling hands lay in those of Siword, and once more he asked her, in a more tender tone than she had ever heard him use to anyone—

"My child, what makes you so unhappy?"

It was still some little time before she could compose herself sufficiently to be able to speak. Meanwhile he waited patiently till she had recovered herself.

"Otto is going to travel," Emmy whispered at last.

"And does that make you so unhappy?" asked Siword, surprised, and smiling as he looked into her tearful eyes.

This made the eyes overflow again, as she said, "He—he means to go alone—without me."

"Naturally," answered Siword, decisively. "On the journey he proposes you could not accompany him, and under the circumstances I believe it is better for him to travel alone."

Gradually Emmy became more calm, and withdrawing her hand from Siword's, she pushed back her hair from off her forehead.

"You will think me quite foolish, Siword, but it came upon me so unexpectedly, and I was so happy here," she added softly, as the treacherous tears again glistened in her eyes.

"And you dread going back to a home where you are not happy? Have I not guessed right, Emmy?"

She hung down her head without answering.

"If it is that which grieves you," added Siword in his usual calm tone, "then you need not go back home unless you wish it; at least, not for long."

"Oh, Siword, what else can I do?"

"Why, go with Seyna and me to Sollingen."

Without looking at him or altering her position, Emmy shrugged her shoulders, and said despairingly, "That cannot be, at any rate."

"It can be, Emmy, but of course only in one way."

With an inquiring look, Emmy turned her face towards him; but it must have been that his eyes spoke another language than was expressed by his calm words and the half smile which played on his lips. At least, at the first glance, Emmy saw what he meant, and what it was. It filled her with the greatest alarm.

"If you will be my wife and come to Sollengen as Seyna's mother, Emmy, you will be welcomed by two warm hearts whom you will make happy by your presence."

A long silence followed these words of Siword.

The confusion and distress into which Emmy was thrown by this unexpected proposal, rendered her speechless. Her face, which had been red with weeping, now became deadly pale, whilst strong emotion made her heart beat painfully and violently.

Once more Siword took her hand in his. More in the tone of a father than of a lover, he said to her, gently but earnestly :

"Child, you are disturbed and nervous, and you must not come to any decision. I know full well that I, who am so much older, can make no pretensions to the love of a young lady like you, and if you had had a happy home I should scarcely have dared to have asked you. Consider seriously, therefore, whether you think you would be happy as my wife; and if you feel you may expect more happiness in the future than I can give you, then you must say, No. Tell me your mind unreservedly, and rest assured that you will always find in me a heartily sympathising friend, be your decision what it may."

Before he released her hand, he bent down to imprint a hasty kiss on it. Siword Hiddema then left her alone.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### THE DREAM IN THE CHURCHYARD.

AGAIN a few weeks have passed by.

Otto has carried his plans into execution, and has set off on his travels; whilst Emmy has gone back to her home, but not for long, for she is betrothed to Siword Hiddema. The marriage is fixed for the end of August.

I believe that Emmy had never felt so deeply how strong her love for Bruno Eversberg still was, as at the moment when Siword Hiddema asked her to be his wife. At the first moment it seemed to her an impossibility to accept his proposal, and quite a storm of contradictory emotions arose in her heart.

In the first place, there was a feeling of deep humiliation at finding her heart still so attached to the man who was untrue to her, and who perhaps had long since forgotten her; and besides this, a strong conviction that she would be behaving dishonourably towards Siword if she were to become his wife still feeling as she did.

Had Siword required an immediate answer from her, or had he come back for an answer the very next day, without doubt he would have got a refusal.

But he did not come so speedily.

More than a week elapsed after their interview before Siword came back to Beckley, and in that week Emmy's reason had so far outweighed her feelings in the balance, that the scale turned altogether in favour of Siword's proposal. In that week of perfect quiet and solitude, she had examined all the circumstances of the position in which she was placed by the true light of day. The result of her refusal she foresaw must be, that she would have to return to the house of her step-mother, where, after Elizabeth's marriage, there would be no one left who had any regard for her, and where she saw the hatred of William always suspended over her like a threatening sword.

And she thought of herself as the wife of Siword Hiddema, finding in him support and protection against every sorrow that the world could bring to her. Contented, and perhaps eventually happy, when the love for Bruno, which still spoke so loudly, should have been put to silence by the power of time, and when the great respect and friendly regard which she felt for Siword Hiddema should perhaps have been developed into a warmer feeling. Then she thought of herself as filling the place of Seyna's early lost mother, and on the warm love which glowed in the young heart of the child, to whom she would be all that a loving stepmother could be.

The contrast was too great for her to hesitate long.

And yet Emmy would have had more scruple in accepting the proposal of Siword had he been younger, and had he addressed her in the words of passion.

Besides, it appeared to her that the love which he asked from her was not such love as she had felt for Bruno, but that he required nothing more than the calm respect and affection which actually did exist in her mind; and then a marriage with Siword seemed to her as a haven where the storm-driven ship of her life might enter and find a safe refuge.

And yet she hesitated. Her reason having come to a decision, it seemed as if an inward voice tried to restrain her, a voice which made her doubt and hesitate, and sometimes filled her with an inexplicable feeling, as if her marriage with Siword Hiddema were a crime for which she could not answer to her conscience.

Now and then she listened to this voice,

yet her reason for the most part kept the upper hand.

"It is my weakness, it is the love for Bruno, which I would tear out of my heart root and branch, and which continues to live in me against my will — a love which I will vanquish as far as it is in human power to do so, and which ought not to hinder me from giving my hand to a good man whom Heaven has sent me."

Thus reasoned Emmy; but nevertheless she burst into tears when she had accepted Siword.

"Child, are you sure that you will not repent?" he asked, looking into her eyes with his earnest, piercing glance; but as truly and earnestly as she then believed, she assured him to the contrary.

And what a calmness and repose came over Emmy when the matter was once decided. How delightful was that confident feeling in Siword Hiddema's protecting love, which did not display itself in words or caresses, but in a hundred trifles which daily proved that he thought and cared for her with an entire absence of all selfishness.

In their behaviour to each other, outwardly at least, there was none of that passion which is generally remarked in betrothed persons, but something of that calm, confiding love which is the beautiful relation between man and wife who have been bound together for years by a happy marriage.

There was that in Siword's nature which had the effect of producing in Emmy a peculiar tranquillity of mind. She looked up to him without being afraid of him. She was proud of all the noble qualities which she discovered, the deeper she penetrated into the knowledge of his character. She was grateful for the love he bore to her, which she believed and inferred rather than knew from demonstrations on his part, which would have been difficult for her to respond to.

Perfect, nevertheless, Siword Hiddema was not; and if Emmy had wished to alter anything in him it was that great degree of decision which, as the distinctive mark of his whole nature, had both its light and its shadow side.

If Emmy had not been so entirely imbued with the consciousness that in all things she could rely with confidence on Siword's clear judgment and strict justice, there might have been something in this decisiveness which would have made her anxious as to her future happiness. But with the knowledge which she acquired more and more every day of his character,

she gave herself up without fear to his decisions; and the belief that there was some one who thought and cared for her filled her with the long-wanted calm and rest.

Yet but a few days had passed since their betrothal before Emmy's conscience began to speak, and her mind became possessed with the conviction that it was her duty to acquaint Siword with the relations which had existed between herself and Bruno. Siword himself spoke very little, if at all, of his past life, without, however, avoiding any question which Emmy might put to him; but this little communicativeness of his own accord made her unwilling to touch upon his earlier life. On the other hand, he seemed to listen with the greatest interest to all that she told him of her mother and Aunt Emmy, who still lived so vividly in her grateful recollection; but no question ever passed his lips that could lead to the subject upon which she considered it her duty to speak to him before their marriage.

Frequently, during the long walks they took together, in some accidental moment of silence the idea came to Emmy to say the important word, the mere thought of which made her tremble and shake; but the days went by, and the time for Otto's departure had already arrived before she found courage to avail herself of a suitable opportunity when she was alone with Siword to make her confession.

"Siword, there is something which I ought to tell you."

"Indeed, child," he said, plucking a geranium from the flower-bed by which they were standing, and whilst admiring the flower, paying no attention to Emmy's disturbed countenance. "Something interesting, I hope?"

In the first moment, Emmy was not in a state to answer him, her heart beat so. Then she said, with a hesitating voice:

"Something which happened before — when — before I learnt to know you, Siword."

Perceiving her emotion, Siword threw away the flower, put Emmy's hand through his arm, and looked earnestly in her face, which betrayed signs of great confusion and emotion.

"Is it necessary that I should know it, Emmy?" he asked.

"I believe, Siword, that it is my duty to tell you."

"But a duty that is disagreeable to you?"

When she was silent and seemed to hesitate, he said, in a cordial, earnest tone, "Child, I believe I can guess what it is

that you think you ought to tell me. I know well that one must pay a very early visit to a young lady in order to be the first to whom she opens her heart. As I have learnt to know you, I am too thoroughly convinced that there is nothing in your past life at which you need blush, not to feel that you could make any communication connected with the past with a quiet conscience. Don't speak of it any more, dear Emmy. To-day belongs to us. Whatever love and sorrow lies behind in the life of either of us, we will leave undisturbed, and look forward to the future, which at least smiles to me in a manner that I never dared to expect in this world."

It was as if the words of Siword had lifted off Emmy's heart a weight which pressed upon her like lead. With a fearless expression, she looked up at him gratefully, and the words which she spoke surged up from the very depths of her heart.

"Siword, God bless you for all your goodness to me. You have nothing to fear in trusting me. The man whom I loved is married and lost to me; and if his memory, even to-day, casts a shadow over my happiness, from this time forth it shall leave me. To me also as your wife the future smiles, and may Heaven help me to make you as happy as my heart wishes!"

Siword made no answer.

He bent down to kiss her face, which glowed with emotion; and as he pressed her to his heart, Emmy experienced the blissful sensation of peace and security after the storms which had passed over her.

And this feeling accompanied her to the house of her stepmother, to whom Siword had imparted his engagement, and with whom he had arranged all that was necessary, so that Emmy on her coming home found everything settled, and readily gave her consent to the early completion of the marriage.

The day on which Otto, Emmy, and Seyna parted from each other was a sorrowful one.

All Siword's powers of persuasion were necessary to make Otto persevere in carrying out his plan, for every day, as the time for starting on his tour approached, he became more vacillating and wavering, and when he actually did set off it was with tears that the three took leave of each other.

On the same day Emmy returned to Dillburg, and Seyna was taken by Siword to Sollingen, where the governess had at length arrived.

Emmy would have liked very much to accompany Siword to Sollingen, in order to make acquaintance with her future home, but it was the frequently expressed wish of her intended husband that she should not see Sollingen until he conducted her there as his wife.

"If I were still about to buy Sollingen, then it would naturally be a matter of great interest to me that the place should please you; but as in any case it must be your home, I wish you to see it for the first time in the best possible light, and I will reserve for myself the chaos which precedes the getting it in order."

In the chronique of the new number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. de Mazade, while felicitating England and the United States on the result of the Geneva arbitration, expresses strong doubts as to any general benefit to Europe following from the deliberations of the tribunal. It has not (he says) succeeded in establishing any definitive law of arbitration. Many questions escape, and will always escape, such pacific modes of settlement. In the passions, in the interests, and in the inevitable antagonisms of nations there are sources of conflagrations which no wisdom and no moral authority can prevent. M. de Mazade is glad to see England taking the award against her "so philosophically." Of course, she can easily pay the fifteen million dollars. "The mere cash-wound will soon be healed; but is it certain that the English only pay for the negligences of their neutrality during the war of the American secession? Perhaps they pay yet more for the

faults of their policy of the last few years."

By withdrawing from all part and lot in the world's affairs, and seeking to occupy herself only with her material interests, England has seen her influence in Europe sensibly diminish, and she has already suffered for this sort of "systematic effacement" by more than one mortification unknown to her in former times. The United States, M. de Mazade thinks, would not have shown themselves so tenacious in the Alabama affair had they not felt they could do it without any risk. "England has to pay only fifteen million dollars to-day; but it remains to be seen if this system will not cost her far more in the long run, if at some future time she finds herself in the painful and perilous alternative of yielding everything or having to pay at one blow for the consequences of a policy which will not have better served her interests than it will have helped to maintain her authority as a great European nation."

Pall Mall Gazette.



From The Cornhill Magazine.  
ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF GOETHE'S  
FAUST.\*

It would appear that a large number of young people at Oxford who have but an imperfect acquaintance with the Greek language, consider Homer an easy author in whose works to present themselves for examination; every school and university has its traditions of lamentable failures in Greek Testament construed at a shot, while a wider experience tends to prove that the real difficulty of an author is often in exact proportion to the seeming ease. It is somewhat strange that *Faust* shares with the *Iliad* and the Bible the ill fate of being a work which all men think they can translate, for the difficulties are extremely obvious to every one who reads the Tragedy through. We suspect the truth is, that most men who know any German have tried their 'prentice hand on one of the better known and simpler, we do not say easier, bits, such as Gretchen's song, and encouraged by the fact that they could understand it, and render it into rhyme of some sort, have been led on, till the great poem had them in its spell, and, in spite of failure, in spite of ignorance, in spite of the lack of all poetic power, they could never again let it alone.

Whatever the reason, the fact is there. More than twenty versions of the whole or part of *Faust* have found their way into print, if not all of them into public notice, and as we write, two more, unpublished, lie before us, one of the complete First Part, the other of fragments only; but each of them at least as ambitious any of its predecessors. We propose to examine some of these, that our readers may have before them the means of answering, at least to their own satisfaction, the often-repeated questions, Is *Faust* Translatable, and if so, has the Translation yet appeared?

Mr. Lewes, as we all know, has pronounced decidedly in the negative to the former of these questions, which of course

includes the latter, but it is impossible to accept his judgment as final. He takes, to illustrate his verdict, some well-known lines in English, paraphrases them, and then calls us to remark how completely the spirit and grace have evaporated. Of this Mr. Bayard Taylor well says, "He turns away from the *one best word* or phrase in the English lines he quotes, whereas the translator seeks precisely that *one best word* or phrase, having *all* the resources of his language at command, to represent what is said in another language." Further, "the translator must be guided by a secondary inspiration. Surrendering himself to the full possession of the spirit which shall speak through him, he receives also a portion of the same creative power." If this is true, it will be obviously impossible that any man should be inspired, by the pretty but trivial verses quoted, at all in the same degree as he would by the majesty and melody of Goethe's great conception and Goethe's verse.

That Goethe himself thought *Faust* could be translated is clear from his own selection of the date and style of the French into which it should be rendered; and if into French, surely into English, a tongue so related in its every variety, familiar and heroic, to that in which he wrote.

There is, however, a difference between all translations from modern rhythmical and rhymed work, and those from prose or from the poetry of dead languages. Mrs. Austen's version of the *Story without an End*, many passages of our own Bible, notably the Lament over the King of Assyria in Isaiah, and the 11th Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, Motteaux's translation of *Rabelais*, are all proofs that a passage may even gain in its new dress; while in the case of translations from the Greek and Latin, we know too little how the poems sounded to those for whose ears they were written, to make it possible for us to care about their metres being exactly preserved. And as a rule, such versions are made for the instruction or the pleasure of those who do not understand the original languages.

But the translator of a modern poet strives to reproduce in his own language that which others as well as he already thoroughly know in that in which it was written, to bring into an alien tongue the ideas, the melody, and form of the original, so that the scholar may recognize in the new all that he knows in the old, and may read the original tongue behind the

\* *The Life and Works of Goethe.* By G. H. LEWES. London: 1855.

*Faust, a Drama.* Translated by LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER (LORD ELLESMERE). London: 1822.

*Faust, a Tragedy by Goethe.* Translated into English verse by JOHN HILLS, Esq. London and Berlin: 1840.

*Faust, a Dramatic Poem by Goethe.* Translated into English verse by THEODORE MARTIN. London: 1865.

*Faust, a Tragedy by Goethe.* Translated into the original metres by BAYARD TAYLOR. London: 1871.

Together with many others, the names of the best and worst of which will be found in the text.



fresh words; while the student ignorant of the language may, if he afterwards learn it, find, when he comes to read the original, precisely that which he has read before. And this can be done. Mr. Bayard Taylor gives as a specimen one of Freiligrath's translations, but even this, good as it is, is not in our opinion his best. It may be only the beauty of Mendelssohn's notes which make us see no inferiority whatever to the original in the lovely lines, "O sah ich auf der Heide dort," into which Freiligrath has rendered Burns's "O wert thou in the cauld blast," and therefore we prefer to quote his rendering of "My heart is sair for Somebody:"—

Mein Herz ist schwer Gott sei's geklagt,  
Mein Herz ist schwer für Einen.  
O Gott, eine lange Winternacht  
Könn't' wachen ich für Einen.  
O Leid für Einen!  
O Freud für Einen!  
Die ganze Welt könn't' ich durchzieh'n  
Für Einen.

Ihr Mächte, reiner Liebe hold,  
O, lächelt mild auf Einen!  
Schützt vor Gefahr ihn, bringt gesund  
Zurück mir meinen Einen!  
O Leid für Einen!  
O Freud für Einen!  
Ich thät—O Gott, was thät ich nicht  
Für Einen?

Here, while there is the most scrupulous fidelity to metre and sentiment, while each single word has its equivalent, there is, quite unconsciously, a shade of improvement in the German on the original Scotch. "Ihr Mächte reiner Liebe hold," is certainly preferable to "Ye powers that smile on virtuous Love." It may be objected, and no doubt would be by Mr. Taylor, that "Einen" is not a precise metrical equivalent for "Somebody," in that it substitutes a trochee for a dactyl. Here, however, we should assert that no other liberty is taken than is permissible, even in some of the rigid metres of antiquity, which are in no degree perceptibly varied by the substitution of one foot for another. Between a dactylic hexameter and a spondaic there is a noticeable variation, but there is no noticeable variation between two hexameters of dactyls and spondees combined in different order; there is none between two Greek Iambic lines not entirely composed of Iambic feet.

The great success which Freiligrath has had in rendering many of our English poets, the equally remarkable skill of Mr. Leland in his version of some of the most

melodious and delicate of Heine's songs, would seem to show that in order to translate admirably it is not necessary to be an admirable original poet. To have deep and true poetic feeling, a subtle sense for the niceties of thought and language, is necessary, but we are inclined to think that any true fervour of original poetic inspiration would interfere with the utter subordination of self required in a faithful translator. We do not forget a graceful American writer when we express our conviction that no great poet has ever been a good translator; nor are we surprised, that writers of pretty verse, like Freiligrath and Mr. Leland, render perfect poetry better than could Shelley, full of his own divine passion.

We think then with Mr. Bayard Taylor that a good translation of *Faust* is possible, and we agree in the main with the rules he lays down. It must represent the form as well as the spirit of the original, must be in the same metres, and the rhymes must follow the same order; each speech, paragraph, and song, must consist of the same number of lines as the German, so that in reading the English, the German shall ever be present to the mind. When, however, he says that "an occasional change in the number of feet or order of rhyme," is no violation of the metrical plan, we differ with him. The want of rhyme in the place in which we know it should fall, wholly disturbs our old associations with a well-known passage. To omit, for instance, two rhymes in each verse of "Der König im Thule," is to mar the exquisite beauty of the song. So to leave a line unrhymed, and "balance the omission by giving rhymes to other lines which stand unrhymed in the original text," is to commit a double fault, as well as to lack patience to overcome difficulties, and then justify impatience by a very lame excuse.

We turn now to consider how that which is possible has been done; so far only, however, as the First Part of *Faust* is concerned. Without in any degree denying the wonderful beauty of much of the Second Part, while we quite admit that much in it belongs to the old *Faust Legend*, and so far supplements the First Part, there can be no doubt that Goethe used it as "Ein Kehrichtfass und eine Rumpelkammer," a bin for sweepings and a lumber-room, in which to thrust whatever came into his teeming brain; and for which he found no other place. But the First Part is perfect, nothing in it has not its true position. There is no word which has

not its bearing on the whole, the whole being, as it seems to us, the one consummate masterpiece of modern poetic art. We entirely fail to understand what Mr. Lewes means when he says that the student's first feeling is one of disappointment, since from the earliest time we read the tragedy, in school-boy days, and then only in Filmore's translation, we have been under its mastery, and still each fresh perusal brings us under the possession of words that ring in our brain, and take hold of our thoughts as no other poem or work of any kind has ever done but this alone.

Of many versions we need scarcely speak at all, but only of such as endeavour at least to comply with the canons of translation which we have accepted as our own. Hayward's prose, in spite of some slight blemishes, and some slight shortcomings in scholarship, still rightly holds its place as the best that can be done short of real excellence in rhyme. It stands to the *Faust* as the authorized version of Isaiah does to that Prophet-Poet, or as the Prayer Book version of the Psalms to the original, far better than that of Sternhold and Hopkins, Keble, or even Dryden, who is said to have had some hand in the few good lines, but those are excellent, in the version of Tate and Brady.

Filmore has some idea of translating on correct principles, but as soon as a difficulty comes he cares neither for the metre, nor for the place of the rhymes. We shall give his Soldier's Song below as a fair specimen, and the whole may perhaps be read with a languid interest by any who do not know the original.

It is difficult to speak of Blackie's translation without seeming to come into collision with so great a critic as Mr. Lewes, who speaks of its "usual excellence." This we confess we do not discover, but our readers may read those passages in the *Life of Goethe*, which Mr. Lewes has thought worthy to be transferred to his pages. Per contra, we may remark, that like Filmore he cares neither for metre nor the place of rhymes when it suits his convenience to neglect them, and there are a crowd of passages mistranslated like the following:—

Der nach dem Schauspiel, hofft ein Kartenspiel,  
Der eine wilde Nacht an einer Dirne Busen.

One leaves the play to spend the night  
Upon a damsel's breast in wild delight,  
Another o'er a billiard table frets.

The simple words, "Das ist deine Welt!  
das heisst eine Welt!" are expanded into

"This is thy world! such den must Faustus' soul immure." Nor can a translator have any feeling for rhythm and metre who thus travesties the following passage:—

Christ ist erstanden!  
Selig der Liebende,  
Der die betrübende,  
Heilsam und übende  
Prüfung bestanden.

Christ is arisen!  
Praised be his name!  
His love shared our prison  
Of sin and of shame.  
He has borne the hard trial  
Of self denial,  
And victorious, ascends to the skies  
whence he came!

Again, where Margaret tells her lover that her mother is in all things so accurate, so careful, but that after all there is no need so closely to pare expenses down,—"Nicht dass sie just so sehr sich einzuschranken hat,"—this wonderful Professor turns her statement into "Not that she feels herself at all confined!"

Mere difficulties in translation are traps into which he, in common with many more, has fallen, such as "Wie sie kurz angebunden war," which, rightly turned by Taylor, "How short and sharp of speech was she," is rendered by Lord Ellesmere "As with her gown held up she fled," and by Blackie, "And how so sharp she turned the street." But gratuitous difficulties are made where it would seem hard to find them, as in the simple phrase, "Die Augen gingen ihm über," rendered by Blackie, "His eyes they swam in heaven."

It has been needful to say thus much of Professor Blackie, because his translation has a certain reputation; some others may be dismissed more briefly. Scarce need to say more of a Mr. Galvan, from Ireland, than that he makes "gray" rhyme with "sea," and "serene" with "chain;" of a Mr. Birch, than that on the first page "fancy" rhymes to "clutch ye" and "choused" is gravely used in a pathetic line, that he thinks roaches swim in the air, calls Wagner a student "of great singleness of heart," and Lieschen "very rigid." No need to quote more of Mr. Knox than this stanza—

Has he that tombed did lie  
Already gloriously,  
In life's sublimity,  
Raised him on high.  
He in his ecstasy  
Growing divinity

Enters his rest  
Of creative gladness;  
We on earth's breast  
Linger in sadness, &c.

And passing by many others, we turn with sincere pleasure to the translations placed at the head of this article, all of which possess very considerable merit: Lord Ellesmere's, published in 1823; Mr. Hills', in 1840; and the recent renderings of Mr. Theodore Martin and Mr. Bayard Taylor. With these and the MS. of which we have spoken, we proceed to consider the Tragedy.

It opens with an invocation of exquisite beauty to "dim shadowy forms" who move around the poet, and bring the memories of earlier days when they were with him who now will not hear his song. No version that we have seen has even distantly approached the grace and melody of these few lines, so perfectly simple and so simply sad.

The Prologue in the Theatre has been well criticized by Mr. Lewes, whose words our readers would do well to consult. The manager of a company of strolling players, the poet, and the clown meet in consultation, and give their different views of Art, its intent, scope, and critics. The manager wishes to draw the clown to amuse, the poet to uplift the people; and the dramatic power of the scene is shown above all in this, that while the whole dialogue is conducted with extreme skill, it is quite impossible to say on which side Goethe's own opinion lies. It is we who assist at the dialogue, we are to draw our conclusions. There is in this Prologue a passage of extraordinary beauty and difficulty, in which the poet claims for his art the harmonious arrangement of what without it would be confusion. A part of this we give in Mr. Theodore Martin's words, and in those of one of the MS. before us—

When Nature winds her endless threads along  
The spindles, heedless how they cross or tangle,  
When all created things, a jarring throng,  
In chaos intermingling clash and jangle,  
Who parts them till each living fibre takes  
Its ordered place, and moves in rhythmic time,  
Who in the general consecration makes  
Each unit swell the symphony sublime?  
Who tints our passions with the tempest's glooms,  
Our solemn thoughts with twilight's roseate red,  
Who scatters all the springtide's loveliest blooms  
Along the path the loved one deigns to tread,  
Who of some chance green leaves doth chaplets  
twine  
Of glory for desert on every field,

Assures Olympus, gives the stamp divine?  
Man's power immortal in the bard revealed.  
MARTIN, p. 10.

That as poetry the following is not so good will perhaps scarcely need to be shown, but it is yet a trifle closer to the German and to the metre. It will be noticed that there is an intended effect in the varying length of the fifth line from the end, which is missed by Mr. Martin—

Since Nature reels the eternal threads of life  
Calm with her distaff twining all in one—  
Since all her creatures in discordant strife,  
Each through the other's being fuse and run—  
Who takes their like successions as they roll,  
Quickens and parts them into rhythmic row,  
Who calls each unit to the sacred whole,  
That all the mighty chords may wake and  
grow—

Who lets the storm of passion wax and lower—  
Who soothes the serious mind with evening's  
red—

Who in the springtide sheds each fairest flower  
To fall before the dear one's tread,  
Weaves in a garland green leaves valueless,

Thus to encrown each fair desert and show it,  
Makes firm the heaven, brings God within its  
stress?

The might of man, incarnate in the Poet. — MS.

This is one of those passages in which Mr. Taylor's version gives the reader an unpleasant sense of effort and strangeness from his determination to use a double rhyme wherever it is so used in the original. The result is that we have Goethe's nervous German translated into the Latin words in our language, rather than into those which have affinity with the German—distance, existence, creation, ordination, dance, consonance. These double rhymes Mr. Taylor considers a main feature in his work. "The feminine and dactylic rhymes, which have been for the most part omitted by all translators except Mr. Brooks, are indispensable" (Taylor, p. xviii). While we admit that Mr. Taylor has been singularly successful in his endeavour—while we assent to his assertion that "the difficulty to be overcome is one of construction rather than of the vocabulary," we yet think that these rhymes, except when sparingly employed, are so alien to the spirit of good English poetry and to that side of the language into which translation from the German should be made, that their so frequent employment is a serious blemish, though the only *serious* blemish on the level goodness of Mr. Taylor's conscientious and reverent work.

We pass to the Prologue in Heaven, about which translators and critics have

been so mealy-mouthed, and for which they have made such feeble and needless excuses. If the Devil is not to appear at all in fiction, the whole tragedy, and not this part only, is objectionable; if he is, his devilishness can only be known and brought out in its fulness in the presence of the highest good. This Milton saw long since, and did not scruple to introduce the Almighty on the scene, as the writer of Job, from whom Goethe took his plan, did long before him. Milton's devil being "not less than Archangel ruined," talks "taller" than Mephistopheles, who says of himself, "I'm not among the greater lords," and the Eternal is only engaged in theological and physical disputes with his adversary. But there is another side to evil—the low, sensual, sneering, irritant side, which can only be effectually displayed in all its hideousness in its contrast with supreme excellence and power. And Mephistopheles would not be himself a spirit which always denies, a spirit which is void of all reverence, all perception of what is grand and fair, without his last soliloquy, in this prologue, when the vision of heaven closes and he is left alone. The passage is so short that we quote the German also:—

Von Zeit zu Zeit seh' ich den Alten gern,  
Und hüte mich mit ihm zu brechen.  
Es ist gar hübsch von einem grossen Herrn  
So menschlich mit dem Teufel selbst zu sprechen.

Thus translated by Taylor:—

I like at times to hear the Ancient's word,  
And have a care to be most civil;  
It's really kind of such a noble Lord  
So humanly to gossip with the Devil!

TAYLOR, p. 17.

Or, perhaps, more literally —

I'm glad to see the Old One, on my word,  
Must keep the acquaintance and be civil,  
'Tis mighty pretty in so great a Lord  
To speak humanely to the very Devil. — MS.

The Night Scene in Faust's study, in which all the weary and unsatisfied restlessness of a mind which feels but will not acquiesce in the limited faculties of man is laid bare with the power and pitilessness of a skilled anatomist, in which one of the trains of reasoning which form the excuse, and often a sound one, for suicide, is subtly developed, includes also the invocation of spirits by magic, the introduction of the pedant, who is the foil to Faust's true scientific culture, and the Easter Hymn, whose notes heard sounding near have power to dash the cup of poison from Faust's lips. It, more than any other

scene, must be studied as a whole, and we will not quote at length from it. Two lines, however, will serve to show the variety of interpretation which a difficult passage may receive, and we take the concluding words of the rhythm of the Spirit of Earth, already well known by Mr. Carlyle's version. The words are —

So schaff'ich am sausenenden Webstuhl der Zeit  
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.

Of which we have among other versions —

Thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply  
And work for God the Garment that thou seest  
him by. — CARLYLE.

Thus at Time's humming loom 'tis my hand  
prepares  
The garment of Life which the Deity wears. —  
TAYLOR.

Thus at Time's whizzing loom I ply  
And weave the vesture of God that thou know'st  
him by. — MARTIN.

Ever thus at Time's whirling wheel sit I  
And work the live vest of the Deity.

So the rolling loom of Time I shake,  
While the living garment of God I make. — MS.

These are all bad, yet, since we are sure it is to be done, we put it before our readers as a problem to be solved.

In the scene "Before the Gate" Faust and Wagner mix in the fair held on Easter Day. The whole free and bright life of a German Sunday is before us, into which Faust enters, and with which Wagner is disgusted; the many-sided man is more tolerant of the natural, even in its most vulgar aspects, than is the prig. But when the crowd is left behind, and Faust is alone with his own thoughts, for his companion counts for nothing with him, the old weariness, the old sense of dissatisfaction awakes, and he returns sadly home, followed by a dog which has attached itself to him on his way. The not unnatural restlessness of the brute, when Faust is so inconsiderate as to begin to translate the New Testament, introduces the incantation, by force of which Mephistopheles, dropping the shape of the poodle, appears, and in the next following scene binds himself to be the servant of Faust *here*, if Faust will serve him *down there*.

Of the "Soldier's Song" before the town, we give two versions — one in the metre of the original, one which gives the spirit alone, but gives it well. Messrs. Hills and Taylor, too, have rendered it fairly in the original metre; Mr. Martin has also done a spirited free translation.

Cities that tower  
Walled o'er the plain,  
Maiden with haughty  
Scornful disdain,  
These would I gain!  
Keen is the struggle,  
Noble the pay.

Rings out the bugle,  
Rousing us all;  
Whether we conquer,  
Whether we fall,  
That is a storming,  
That is a life,  
Cities and maidens  
Yield in the strife.

Keen is the struggle,  
Noble the pay,  
Soon are the soldiers  
Up and away. — MS.

Towns begirt with walls and moats,  
Maids of proud and lofty thoughts,  
Strong without and strong within,  
These are what I love to win;  
Bold is the attempt and hard,  
But as noble the reward.

Summoned by the trumpet's breath,  
We go to rapture or to death;  
For 'tis amid the battle's strife  
Thrills the rush, the life of life.

Maiden's heart and city's wall  
Were made to yield and made to fall,  
Bold is the attempt and hard,  
But as noble the reward;  
When we've held them each their day  
Soldier-like we march away. — FILMORE.

Mr. Taylor shall interpret for us *Faust's*  
acceptance of earthly joy at the devil's  
hand.

*Mephistopheles.* Done.

*Faust.* And heartily,  
When thus I hail the moment flying:  
Ah still delay — thou art so fair.  
Then bind me in thy bonds undying,  
My final ruin then declare,  
Then let the death-bell chime the token,  
Then art thou from thy service free!  
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,  
Then time be finished unto me!

TAYLOR, p. 82.

The scene in which Mephistopheles, assuming *Faust's* robe, receives a student, may read, on the whole, best in Lord Ellesmere's version, which gives more closely the spirit, while Mr. Taylor's is a trifle nearer the letter. Mr. Martin, who is easy and fluent, is perhaps too *modern* in phrases and in slang expressions, to render adequately the graver meaning which underlies the fun on the surface. But we

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do not quote from this, or from the scenes in Auerbach's Cellar, and the Witches' Kitchen, where Faust drinks the potion which makes him young again. We may say, however, in passing, that though there is nothing to quote, apart from the context, we are not at all among those who consider either of these scenes needless or blemishes, any more than are the Grave-digging scene in *Hamlet*, and the Witches in *Macbeth*. It is essential to the whole evolution of the tragedy that Faust should be initiated into low and bestial revelry, and be at first disgusted. Afterwards, having deliberately and for pleasure's sake only, abandoned himself to sensuality, however refined, and taken the draught which is fit for *such* pleasure, his fall is rapid, and he, even more than the devil himself, is ready to enter at a later time into the wildest orgies of the Witches' Sabbath on the Walpurgis Night.

The scene in which Faust meets Margaret is one of those which are the despair of translators. There is no character in fiction which can quite be classed with her. There is in her a simplicity which is not childishness nor ignorance (for the scene with Lieschen is evidence that her mind has dwelt on the possibility of maiden shame), vehement passion which is never coarse, crime from which we do not turn away. The softness and yielding of Hetty in *Adam Bede*, fused with the simplicity of Perdita and the passion of Juliet, alone can represent the charm of this, the most touching character in the whole range of fiction. Her language is always that of a simple peasant, but never vulgar: it is like the direct statements of a child whose utterances would often be coarse if there were in them a trace of self-consciousness. Child of a mother too stern and exacting, she easily makes a friend of Martha, whose loose conduct and looser theories are quite unsuspected though they pave the way to her own ruin. Gretchen's songs are known to all; there is no successful translation of "Es war ein König im Thule," nor are the early scenes in which Margaret appears rendered by any translators quite as well as we conceive it is possible they should be. We can find room only for the soliloquy of Gretchen when Faust has gone, after their mutual confession of love for each other:

Du lieber Gott! was so ein Mann  
Nicht alles alles denken kann!  
Beschämt nur steh' ich vor ihm da,  
Und sag' zu allen Sachen ja,  
Bin doch ein arm unwissend Kind,  
Begreife nicht was er an mir find't.



Lord Ellesmere leaves out the whole scene, Mr. Martin neglects the rhymes, Mr. Hills waters down "Du lieber Gott!" into "Oh, gracious heavens!" so that our choice of translators is limited. Mr. Taylor is good, but rather too ungrammatical:

Dear God! however is it such  
A man can think and know so much?  
I stand ashamed and in amaze  
And answer "yes" to all he says,  
A poor unknowing child! and he,—  
I can't think what he finds in me. — TAYLOR.

Perhaps still more closely:

Dear God! how such a man as he  
Can think on all things that may be!  
I meet him in confused distress  
And always only answer "yes."  
A simple child, I cannot see  
What'er it is he finds in me. — MS.

Of the next scene, "Wood and Cavern," one of the grandest in the tragedy, Mr. Lewes strangely says: "I do not understand the relation of this to the whole. Faust is alone among the solitudes of nature, pouring out his rapture and his despair. Mephisto enters, and the two wrangle. The scene is full of fine things, but its position in the work is not clear to me."

To us it seems that the meaning is unmistakable. When Faust first meets Gretchen, his purpose is one of deliberate seduction for the simple desire of sensual gratification; but he falls in love with Gretchen, and is in danger, from Mephistopheles' point of view, of slipping back to a something of his lost virtue. Filled with a genuine spirit of remorse and hesitation, alone with himself and Nature, he has nearly determined to rush away and leave the simple child in her pure life, when Mephistopheles, by a description of this very innocence, excites his pity for her lonely love, his imagination and his senses, and leads him captive once more.

Enough of this: your darling sits at home,  
And all around is sad and scant;  
For ever in her thoughts you come,  
Full room for love her forces want.  
Your wild love came as though a torrent roared  
When melting snows have bid some little  
brooklet rise,

And into all her heart you poured;  
And now again the brooklet dries.  
Rather than thus in woods to play the king,  
'Twould well besem a gentleman

Reward with all the love he can  
The monkey, simple little thing.

For her the hours are sad and long.  
She stands at the window, sees the clouds that  
fall

Above the ancient city wall,

"Were I a birdie only," goes her song  
Half the night through, and all day long,  
Though sometimes gay, more sad she proves,  
Sometimes she'll wildly weep,  
Then seeming quiet, falls asleep  
And always loves. — MS.

This is followed by Gretchen's beautiful song, "Meine Ruh' ist hin," "My rest is over," when she thinks her lover is gone; and that by the second garden scene, in which Margaret catechizes Faust about his religion, and ends by promising to admit him to her room, by giving her mother a sleeping-draught.

We imagine that Goethe intended the death of Margaret's mother from the effect of this potion to have taken place on a much later occasion, only when her shame would have been nearly apparent, for Gretchen had certainly fallen, but her mother does not seem to have been dead in the Scene at the Well, when Lieschen tells her of the seduction of Barbara, and is astonished that Gretchen has a word of pity for such a drab. Mr. Lewes says: "Margaret, taught compassion by experience, cannot now triumph as formerly she would have triumphed, when she

Scarcely found words enough to blame  
The measure of another's shame."

But now she too has become what she chid; she too is a sinner, and cannot chide! The closing words of the soliloquy have never been translated; there is a something in the simplicity and intensity of the expression which defies translation:

Doch alles was dazu mich trieb,  
Gott! war so gut! ach war so lieb!

Here, however, are some of the attempts — all as bad as they well can be:

Yet all that drove my heart thereto,  
God! was so good, so dear, so true! — TAYLOR.

Yet all that urged me on — alas!  
How sweet! O God! how dear it was. — HILLS.

And yet, and yet — alas the cause  
God knows so good, so dear it was. — MARTIN.

Yet all that on to ruin drove,  
Ah God, was good! and worth my love. — MS.

Immediately on this follows Gretchen's Hymn to the Virgin, founded on the grand old *Stabat Mater*. Of this the best translation is by a lady, the only one of her sex, as far as we know, who has translated any considerable part of *Faust*, and we are glad to make it known to our readers: —

Bend down thy gracious brow,  
O rich in sorrow thou!  
Upon my sore distress and need!

The sword hath pierced thy heart,  
For aching with the smart  
Thou stoodst to see thine own Son bleed.  
Then to the Father high  
Went up thy yearning sigh,  
Pleading for his and thy sore need.

Who knoweth  
How floweth  
Keen anguish through me now,  
How my poor heart with fear  
Is trembling longing here?  
Thou knowest, only thou.

And wheresoe'er I go  
With woe, and woe, and woe,  
My heart is always aching;  
And when alone I creep  
I weep, and weep, and weep,  
My heart is in me breaking.

The flowers before my window,  
As soon as dawn appears,  
Dew-gemmed I pluck to bring thee,  
The dew-drops are my tears.

The bright sun every morrow,  
As on the day that's fled,  
Finds me in lonely sorrow  
Weeping upon my bed.

Keep, save me, comfort me indeed,  
Bend down thy gracious brow,  
O Rich in sorrow thou!  
Upon my sore distress and need.

MS., "A. P."

This touching hymn prepares us for two scenes, in one of which Valentine, Gretchen's brother, finds Faust and Mephistopheles serenading his sister, whose shame is now known, and, attempting to drive them off, is slain, and dies reproaching her. There is no part more full of character and vigour, and Valentine, though only sketched, is drawn, we need scarcely say, with artist-hand. Faust, of course, has to fly for this murder, and Margaret seeks comfort in the cathedral, praying to God. An evil spirit is introduced, through whose words we learn that the mother has died from the sleeping-potion, and he infuses the temptation to kill the coming babe. In the former of these scenes is evidence of the strong hold the play of *Hamlet* always had over Goethe's mind. Whoever has read *Wilhelm Meister* will remember that a critique on *Hamlet* is one of the most interesting digressions of that most digressive work. Faust's self-communications have much in common with those of Hamlet, different as are the circumstances of the two characters. It is due, then, to Goethe's admiration for this play, and to the character of Mephistopheles, that the serenade, which Mephistopheles calls "ein moralisch Lied,"

is a free but excellent translation of Ophelia's song, "Good-morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day." The song, too, is in admirable contrast with Faust's tone. He is always desirous of veiling his real sensuality and sin under a veil of romance, while Mephistopheles, on every occasion, strips off all wrappings, and brings to light that hidden element of baser desire which underlies almost every noble and tender feeling in all but the highest natures.

We would much wish to linger on the Walpurgis Nacht scene, especially because it would be interesting to compare Shelley's translation with the more literal ones. His version is rather a "transcription," embroidered also with his own magnificent fancies. But we dare not quote, because to give any idea of this grand passage would require a large space. Let it, however, be said that this scene is no burlesque, no intrusion on the tragedy, but a very real display of the mode in which a debased spiritual nature takes shameless delight in all that is carnal, sensual, devilish. Yet through the whole there gleam flashes of a higher nature still in Faust; he will never be content without the possession of that which, at the time, seems the highest attainable, even when his quest is turned aside to an evil aim.

We pass to the last scene in the prison, where Margaret awaits her execution, for the crime of child-murder. A very great artist, in our own days, has made poor Hetty, in *Adam Bede*, interesting under the same circumstances, and in spite of her crime, but then she has made her also little more than an animal, a creature almost without moral sense, whom we could still feel inclined to pet once more, as we may a cat which has devoured its young. Indeed, it is to a kitten that the author has compared her. Goethe, who has drawn his heroine as a true woman, with intellect, strong religious feelings, and a nature rather passionate and sensuous than sensual, is obliged to make her troubles unhinge her mind, and to hint that not only after, but before her crime, she was not of sound brain. Mad, stamped with infamy and awaiting death, Faust comes to her, having obtained, through Mephistopheles, the gaoler's keys, that he may lead her out to a new life.

Mr. Lewes truly says, "The terrible pathos of this interview brings tears to our eyes after twenty readings. As the passion rises to a climax, the grim passionless face of Mephistopheles appears—thus completing the circle of irony which runs throughout the poem." But we do not

agree with him that it is untranslatable. It is true that no one has as yet succeeded, but all those whose versions have any merit at all have done part of it well, and we cannot doubt that some day it will be done by whoever is sufficiently penetrated by and filled with the spirit of the great master who wrote it.

We attempt to give some idea of it by means of various translations.

#### THE PRISON.

*FAUST with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door.*

Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,  
Sick with the sense of man's collected woe;  
Behind this dungeon's dripping walls she lies,  
Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow.

Traitor, thou dar'st not enter in  
To face the witness of thy sin.

Forward! thy cowardice draws down the blow.  
LORD ELLESMERE.

*He grasps the lock: singing is heard within.*

My mother the harlot  
Who put me to death,  
My father the varlet  
Who eaten me bath!  
Little sister so good  
Laid my bones in the wood,  
In the damp moss and clay;  
Then I was a beautiful bird o' the wood,  
Fly away! Fly away! — TAYLOR.

*FAUST opens the door.*

She little dreams that her beloved is near,  
The rattling chains, the rustling straw can hear.  
MARTIN.

[*He enters.*

*Margaret (trying to conceal herself on the bed).* Woe! Woe! they come, 'tis hard to die!

*Faust (gently).* Hush! Hush! I come to break thy chain.

*Margaret (dragging herself towards him).* Art thou a man, then feel sore need have I.

*Faust.* Hush, thou wilt cry the warders wake again.

[*He takes hold of the fetters to unlock them.*

*Margaret.* O headsmen, who to thee such power

O'er me could give,  
Thou com'st for me at midnight hour,  
O pity me and let me live!  
To wait for morn is not too long.

[*She stands up.*

For I am still so young, so young  
For death to ruin.

And I was fair, and that was my undoing.  
My love was near, but now is fled,  
The flowers are scattered and the wreath is dead;

Clutch me not thus so cruelly,

Spare me, for what have I done to thee?  
O let me not in vain implore

Who never saw thee in my days before!

*Faust.* How can I bear this sorrow more?

*Margaret.* I yield before thy greater might,

But let me give my babe the breast,

I rocked it on my heart to-night;

They took it, and with it my rest,

And now they say I killed it in despite:

I never more shall gladness know.

They make their songs on me, the folk act cruelly!

An old, old story ends just so.

Who pointed it at me? — MS.

*Faust.* Come, come, the night begins to wane.

*Margaret.* My mother have I foully slain,

My baby have I drowned,

Thy love and mine by it was crowned.

Thy love. 'Tis thou. Scarce true it seems.

Reach here thy hand. These are not dreams.

Thine own dear hand! But ah, what drips —

Oh wipe it — from thy finger-tips?

The blood drops run;

Ah God! what hast thou done?

O place thy dagger fast

Within the sheath.

*Faust.* Sweet! let the past be past

Thy words are death. — MS.

*Margaret.* Be quick! Be quick!

Save thy perishing child!

Away! Follow the ridge

Up by the brook,

Over the bridge,

Into the wood

To the left, where the plank is placed

In the pool!

Seize it in haste,

'Tis trying to rise,

'Tis struggling still!

Save it! Save it! — TAYLOR.

*Faust.* The day dawns, O my love, my love!

*Margaret.* Day! Yes, it is day! the day of judgment's dawning,

It should be my wedding morning.

Tell no one that you came to me before.

Woe for my wreath of flowers,

All now is past,

We two shall meet at last,

But not for joyous hours.

The crowd throngs, not a word they speak,

The lanes, the square,

Scarce hold them there.

When tolls the bell, the staff will break,

Ah, how they seize me and bind me,

Me to the blood-seat quick they take:

The edge which quivers here behind me

Is quivering now for every neck.

The world lies dumb as the grave! — MS.

The above extracts may give some idea of this tremendous scene, unequalled, as it seems to us, in the whole range of tragedy, and with this our paper must end. We

would gladly have examined more closely the errors and excellences of the translations we have named as the best, and mentioned some we have passed over in silence. These we must beg our readers to consider as, in our view, holding a middle place, not so good as those we have specified as good, or sinking into the depths of Messrs. Galvan and Birch.

If we have in any degree interested our readers, we trust their interest may lead them to study once more for themselves the greatest work of the century's greatest poet,

Who leads us in his magic spell  
From heaven through the world to hell.

From Temple Bar.  
MADAME GERDER'S HUSBAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

I.

"AND I say to you, monsieur, that I would not ask you to derange yourself for my convenience. Ah, *ma foi!* I think not, indeed, except that in this change you will find a benefit. *Ciel!*"

Here Madame Mérand's black eyes seek the sky — for we are standing at the entrance of the open courtyard round which the hotel is built — and her well-shaped hands clasp each other lovingly, as if for support against my mute injustice. I had not spoken. At home, in England, a person, nameless here, calls me contradictory; but I am a shy man, and moreover my French, although passable, is still insular French, and if one contradicts, one should not be either undecided or absurd, especially face to face with Madame Mérand. She has been handsome once, and she still has a well-preserved figure and bright black eyes, but the brightness is hard. Between ourselves, I am afraid of my landlady. I would not change places with that small light-haired husband of hers on any account. His name is Dupont, and she writes herself, I believe, Dupont-Mérand; but every one calls her Madame Mérand.

As I look at those black eyes coming down from the sky to settle piercingly on my quiet countenance, I again congratulate myself that I am not the light-haired Dupont. It is all very well to have a rich, clever wife, and so only to have a nominal post at the harbour of St.-Rogue, to smoke cigarettes or play billiards all day; but I fancy Monsieur Dupont feels like a tru-

ant schoolboy when he comes home in the evening, and goes into the little parlour on the left-hand side of the arched entrance-way, and sees us free men at dinner in the *salle à manger* opposite. But then there are men to whom work is the greatest evil of life, and it is possible that Monsieur Dupont takes his snubbings as the daily wage of his inglorious idleness.

"*Ciel!*" Madame has taken a long breath, and now she repeats her adjuration with emphasis. "I say to monsieur that the room I propose is a charming bedchamber — large, spacious, with two windows, with two beds — *enfin*, with a carpet of Brussels and a large round table. What will you? It has, besides, a glass door, which looks on the gallery running round the court."

She points upward, and I see the door in question at the end of the open gallery, shaded by a white muslin curtain.

When one has kept one's repugnance under control it is mortifying to be argued with as if one had expressed it. I know that madame was talking to the look she surprised on my face, not to me — a look which I expect spoke plainly.

"Why should I be moved out of my comfortable bedroom just because a general of division is to take up his quarters in the Hôtel Ste.-Barbe for two nights? But I made no remonstrance in words.

Madame moves past me to the foot of the staircase, and my tongue recovers itself as soon as her back is turned and I no longer see those flashing black eyes.

"It is all very well, madame, but the room to which you point is a back room, and I object to windows which have only a back lookout."

Stables, foul smells, horrors not to be named, flit through my brain as I follow those firmly set, shapely feet up-stairs. She makes no answer till we reach the end of this right-hand gallery, and then she unlocks the curtained door, and flings it open.

"*Voilà, monsieur!* Perhaps monsieur will have the complaisance to enter and tell me if any front windows in St.-Rogue can be more delightful than these?"

Two long windows. Madame pushes the *persiennes* wide open.

The sunshine streams in — morning sunshine — bringing with it an exquisite flower fragrance.

Involuntarily I walked quickly up to a window. I don't mind confessing that I have a passion for flowers. They are to me that which dumb animals are to some people — creatures to be loved and cher-

ished. There is something so delicate, so unearthly, in their beauty, that I sometimes fancy they come direct from heaven — hints of the joys in store for the blessed.

I have a satisfaction in writing this thought down here, because, as this paper will be printed anonymously, no one can trace it to me; and I would not have *Jemima* (my sister's name is not *Jemima*, but it is shorter than saying a "nameless person" every time, and answers the purpose as well,) — I would not have her aware of this sentimental belief of mine on any account. One must never allow a woman to perceive that one has any power of fancy. She immediately begins to doubt one's common-sense, and stigmatizes one as womanish and unable to direct her in the ordinary affairs of life; and with all that has been written and said about women, first and last — and nine-tenths of it is sheer nonsense — the only point I agree with is that, however much kindness and affection you have for a woman, you must always show her that you are her superior. *Show it* — don't assert it, my good fellow, whoever you may be, or she will laugh at you directly. I am not sure that *Madame Mérand* would ever have eyes to see any man's superiority. And this reflection brings me again to the back window of the *Hôtel Ste-Barbe*.

Facing me at a distance of ten yards or so were other back windows, plainly belonging to small houses, and on the leads which stretched beside the little court of one of these, exactly opposite, was a perfect blaze of flowers; snowy fuchsias with glowing centres, geraniums, myrtles full of starry blossoms, nasturtiums of many colours, and, among all, plenty of scented *verbenas* and *heliotrope*.

"*Madame*," I exclaimed, "I am quite satisfied. You may order my luggage to be sent round."

*Madame* grew radiant; the black eyes softened, and she courtesied, and was even voluble for so stately a person.

"*Monsieur admires flowers?*" Really, women have a way of seeing into my thoughts which is startling, for when I look at myself in the glass I cannot say I behold an expressive countenance.

"*Ah!*" — *madame* gave a sigh here — "they are the only comfort of my poor neighbour there, *Madame Gerder*." She looked across at the opposite window; it was open, and showed a small, almost empty room. There seemed only a curtained bed, a table, two chairs, an *armoire*, and a white and black crucifix beside the

bed. "A dull-looking room," I thought; and my eyes went up to the story above, which plainly belonged to a laundress. Two poles projected from this window, laden with many-coloured garments drying in the sunshine. In the court below an urchin sat on the stones playing with a headless doll, and from these stones a vine struggled up the wall of the house and clustered its leaves round *Madame Gerder's* window. "Too bright a frame for so dull a picture," I thought. I turned to make inquiry about my opposite neighbour, but *Madame Mérand* had departed.

## II.

I LOOKED round my room. The beds appeared clean and comfortable. Are not beds in good French inns always clean and comfortable? There was none of the velvet and gilded splendour which had adorned the chimney-piece of my former bed-chamber; but then, what will you? as *Madame* would have said. The sofa was larger, softer even, and the room itself was twice as large as the one I had given up to the general, and, instead of the perpetual noise and traffic of the *Rue Ecuylère*, I had a quiet look-out on those lovely flowers. I felt glad that I had yielded without much remonstrance.

"I wish I knew why she is 'poor *Madame Gerder*.'"  
I was looking at the flowers again.

"*Madame Leroux! Madame Leroux!*" in the shrillest tone from an unseen inmate over the way. "Are you come in?"

My interest in my flower-loving neighbour had received a check. I object to loud-voiced women, and this was no doubt *Madame Gerder*. I took up my hat again, and went out for a walk to the old ruined castle.

No peace here. A set of boys, small, ragged creatures, were collected round one of their number declared to be a Prussian spy, and they grew so eager and excited in their game that they were just proceeding to hang him to a branch of one of the trees in the castle moat, when the sentry above called to them to desist.

I walked slowly through the town, musing over the miseries of war. There was scarcely a man to be seen in the shops.

"I wonder what the next generation of Frenchwomen will do for husbands!"

I had to dine with a friend near the harbour; he was to start for *Havre* early next morning, so I stayed with him as long as I could.

*Madame Mérand* was sitting in her little parlour as I passed under the low-browed



entrance; she came forward, and herself presented me with the key of my new room — a most unusual condescension.

"Monsieur will find his *bougie* on his table."

While I groped my way carefully across my vast unknown chamber, I saw a light opposite in the vine-flower-window of Madame Gerder. I confess that I am slightly inquisitive; not more than most men are, perhaps; but I felt a certain amount of satisfaction in seeing, when I went up to the window, that the curtain of my neighbour's window was not drawn.

The room was dimly lighted by a single candle. A woman was sitting at the table, but I could not see her face; it was hidden by her hands; but I could see by the shudder that passed over her figure that she was crying. It seemed to me that she was dressed in black.

"No doubt she has lost a husband or a brother in this war — not a son: she cannot be old enough."

It was treasonable to stand there hidden by the darkness. I lit my candle, and when I went back to the window Madame Gerder had drawn the curtain across hers.

Next day, when I opened my windows, Madame Gerder was on the leads watering her flowers out of a battered tin mug. I saw in the morning light that her gown was dark blue; so I had not guessed rightly at the cause of her grief.

She looked up. No, it was impossible that the shrill voice which had jarred my nerves belonged to that quiet face — a face not beautiful according to the vulgar rendering, but yet in which, spite of its ordinary features and dull complexion, there was to me a certain beauty of expression — a steadfast, mournful look, as if the earnest soul had been set a task almost beyond its strength, but, having it set, would not falter or dally wilfully, though it might faint by the way.

Here I pulled up my shirt collar and smiled.

There is a sentimental influence in this St-Roque. N.B. — I must remember not to come here with Jemima. I should never hear the last of such folly. I wonder, if Jemima had ever married, whether her husband would have been compelled to keep the guard over his words that I do? I rather fancy it is for want of this reserve, or self-respect, or whatever it may be called, that so many husbands are hen-pecked. A woman, as I said before, is a charming creature, well kept under. I think Mr. Milverton is very sensible on this subject. You must always treat wo-

men with kindness and courtesy, not so much from any spontaneous feeling, or because they are only to be ruled by conciliation, and, to a great extent, cajolery; but the man who once lays his heart open to a woman and lets her spy out the weak places thereof, and then appeals to what he imagines are her great qualities, is for ever after a shorn Samson. She never forgets, never spares; she is, in fact, only to be governed by absolute authority, so handled that she fancies that she is pleasing herself; as to high souls and self-devotion, all that kind of feeling went out with Sir Charles Grandison and his charming Harriet.

At this moment Madame Gerder looked me full in the face. My sentimentalism returned in full force, and a faint glimmer came to me that perhaps there might be another type of woman in the world than my sister, Jemima Ponsonby.

How young Madame Gerder was! — not more than thirty; and yet her forehead was lined and her face stamped with anxiety — creases that will never wear out, I thought, as I watched her retreat across the leads and then disappear at the end of them down some steps which led, I imagine, into the house.

A small child toddled into the court in its night-gown, and immediately the same sharp cry of "Madame Leroux! Madame Leroux!" set my nerves ajar; it came from the laundress on the upper story; I felt glad it did not belong to my interesting neighbour with the quiet face and earnest eyes.

"Madame Leroux!" a third time, "why do you not listen when there is Victor, *en chemise* and with bare feet, catching frogs in the yard?"

I had wondered what the little fellow was groping for in the further corner among the cracked moss-grown stones.

A stout, rosy-cheeked woman plunged suddenly out of the shed that supported the leads along one side of the yard, seized Victor, and disappeared again.

Instead of going down into the *salle*, I stood waiting till Madame Gerder reappeared in her little room. Then I left the window and went to my breakfast. When I came up again she was seated at her table, working hard at embroidery.

I went over to Villers that morning; but when I came back there she was, still working with the same diligence. I stood at the window watching little Victor and his sister at play in the yard; but Madame Gerder never moved; she seemed unconscious of my presence.

"She will water her flowers in the evening," I thought, and actually I hurried upstairs after the *table d'hôte* dinner for the chance of seeing her.

Yes, there she was, tin mug in hand; but though I stood all the time at my window, she never once looked up or gave me a chance of speaking to her.

I had tired myself at Villers, and besides this, I had several letters to write. Why will women answer one's letters so quickly, and then write again before one has recovered the fatigue of a previous letter? The feminine mind is more impatient on this subject than on any other, and, considering the marvellous productions that issue from the feminine pen — breathless sentences wandering ever so many ways at once — the writers should be content with the trouble they give their unhappy correspondents in the way of reading, without further expectation.

Still I must write to Jemima, though why she should fill nearly two pages with an account of the cook's whitlow baffles me. I have a respect for cook, and if she suffers I am sorry for her; but I cannot do her any good. I know nothing about whitlows; then why inflict the progress of one on me? I wonder what Jemima would say if I were to write an account of Madame Gerder and her flowers! And yet the one subject is far more generally interesting than the other.

At this point of my reflections I rouse suddenly, as one rouses in the night from sleep; my eyes go at once, as if a magnet drew them there, to the windows of my opposite neighbour. Her light has vanished, and yet she has not gone to bed, for the curtain is still undrawn. I look at my watch. Nine o'clock — not likely she would go to bed so soon; but what a strangely late hour for a young woman to go out walking alone! Perhaps she embroiders for some of the shops, and has gone to take her work home; and then I remember how punctually every shop in St.-Roque closes at eight o'clock.

"I'm an old fool to notice and dwell on every little incident about this woman. What is she to me? Besides, I saw a ring on her finger, and I have always set myself against widows, and there is plainly no Monsieur Gerder in the case."

In five minutes I reach the Place St.-Pierre, and while I pace up and down smoking my cigar beneath the vast darkness of the church, I think how exquisite its *flèche* must look silvered by bright moonlight. But as there is no moon, and the streets are deserted — St.-Roque is a most

surprising town in the way of early going to roost — I go back to the Hôtel Ste.-Barbe. My landlady does not come forward to say good-night. I glance at the parlour, and catch a glimpse of Madame Mérand sitting erect, with an awful countenance. The little cringing Dupont stands before her, hat in hand, with drooping shoulders, his whole attitude suggestive of a whipped spaniel.

"Defend me from marriage," I think, as I go up-stairs.

When I got fairly into my room I saw before I lit my candle that my neighbour had returned. There she sat, her bonnet in her lap, her face not hidden in her hands, but her grief plainly to be seen as the light fell on her. My sympathy carried me out of all reserve. I stood watching her sorrow — sometimes an agonizing burst of tears, her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, while her body quivered with sobs, and then, as she quieted, a deep hushed stillness that seemed to me like despair.

Once I found myself opening the window. I suppose I was actually going across the leads to comfort her.

"Don't be an impulsive fool, John Ponsoby!" The family name brought back the calm judgment that is said to go with it. I resolutely drew the curtains across my windows and lit my candle.

When I looked over the way, just before going to bed, my neighbour's light was out.

### III.

It was very absurd, of course, but I have generally found that one's self-reproach lessens if one communicates it, and, as I said before, this article is strictly anonymous; therefore I confess, without defence or reservation, spite of its absurdity, that my last thought when I went to bed was Madame Gerder, and when I waked next morning it seemed also natural that my first thought was of her.

There she was watering her flowers with the same steadfast, gentle look in her eyes I noticed yesterday.

I opened my window and I coughed. Victor and his sister, in one of the intervals of frog-hunting, heard the cough and looked up. They pointed their fat fingers, and cried, "*V'là un m'sieur anglais! Tiens, que c'est drôle!*"

But Madame Gerder never looked off her flowers. I was glad of this. Children are sweet innocents, I don't doubt, to their mothers, and I do not dislike them myself, clean, and under the care of a respectable nurse, who knows how to check their silly

little speeches; but my ears were tingling and my face was hot.

Why should it be droll to be an Englishman? Or do these begrimed little idiots mean that there is anything droll about me? "*Bah! Bah!*" as my landlady says; they want whipping.

My landlady's name suggested a vent for the curiosity which tormented me. Curiosity is not the word; it was rather a friendly sympathy with this poor widow, and a wish, if that were possible, to relieve her sorrow.

I will say for Madame Mérand that she must be a very clever woman, and she must be also that which clever women are not always — an excellent economizer of time. She has always time to speak to me in a collected and gracious manner, even when I see the *chef* looming white in the distance beside the great trough in the courtyard, or Ferdinand, the head *garçon*, standing at the door of the *salle à manger*, both frenzied with eagerness to get the mistress's ear. I am always sorry when I interfere with the *chef*; he is a genius in his way; his *vol-au-vents* and his *chapon aux truffes* are triumphs which no ordinary mind could achieve. He is a good-looking fellow too, especially in his spotless white costume; but Ferdinand I have in aversion. He is always in a bustle, and he has twice in his officious haste spilled soup over me, and then drawn the attention of the whole *table d'hôte* to the fact by his vociferations of surprise and regret. He was chattering as fast as he could at the parlour door when I reached it, asking for a holiday, I think.

Madame Mérand heard my steps before she saw me.

"*Va-t-en, paresseux!*" in such a deep, stern voice that I started, and congratulated myself on not being Monsieur Dupont.

Ferdinand disappeared so suddenly that to this day I cannot imagine what became of him.

"Madame," I said, with a lower bow than usual — for, in spite of the smile that greeted me, that "*Va-t-en, paresseux!*" had made me tremble in my boots — "can you tell me what is the matter with the young woman you mentioned to me as Madame Gerder?"

I wished I had held my tongue. Madame's eyes opened widely — dear me! what great, black, staring things they are, and how very rudely women can stare! — and then her smile broadened till it seemed to reach me, and tell me I was a fool.

I suppose I reddened. I certainly pulled

my collar up. It is not the sort of thing one expects when one pays one's bill weekly, and gives as little trouble as possible, that one's landlady should venture to laugh because one asks a simple question. Insolent old vixen! — for she is much older than she looks, I know.

"Madame Gerder is very unhappy, monsieur. Her husband has gone away from her, and she can give no reason for his departure."

"Ah!" — I spoke as indifferently as possible, though I confess to disappointment — "I thought she was a widow."

"If she were, she would not grieve so much." Madame spoke ironically, I thought.

"Why so, madame?"

"Monsieur should be as good a judge as I am." Madame tried to speak politely. "There is nothing so valuable as that which we cannot have. Death will turn lead or tinsel into fine gold. Death in life is another matter, monsieur, is it not?"

The last words were spoken with a sentiment I had not thought my landlady capable of.

She looked sad, almost subdued, as if she would have liked to prolong our talk; but I was not in a mood to talk sentiment with Madame Mérand. She had laughed at me, and I do not easily forget when a woman laughs at me. My idea of a woman is sweetness, gentleness, an incapacity for giving pain; and it is extremely painful for me to feel that I have made myself ridiculous.

I walked down the Rue Notre Dame, and then on and on, till I found myself beyond the *octroi* and very near La Maladrerie. I took no heed of my way or of the people I met; I was deep in pondering this story of Madame Gerder.

Here was Madame Mérand, with a temper which even I tremble to provoke, and her husband appeared content to abide with her, while this gentle sweet creature, who looked so full of love, was deserted.

And Madame Gerder must have been married for herself: she looked as if she had been always poor and industrious. I had watched the deftness with which her needle sped in and out of her embroidery, the neatness and order of her room.

"What pretext could a man find for deserting such a woman?"

There was only one — he was a Frenchman, and therefore fickle. No wonder the poor woman grieved — though why women do grieve, and try to bring back fellows of that kind, is to me always incomprehensible. Can't they or won't they

see that the mistake has been on their side? They have chosen unsuitably. No length of union will ever make two souls one where the fusion has not been simultaneous. But hold—I am going too far. I have only to look round in England, and the amount of patchwork I shall find in marriage compared with the perfect seamless garment boys and girls dream of and novels picture, and I stop. I was stopped at this point, not in reasoning, but in reality. A very fat man, with his legs wide apart and his hat in his hand, smiling till his face looked like the moon at the full, stood in my path.

"*Pardon, Monsieur! Bonjour, monsieur!* Ah! it is warm, is it not, for walking?"

Monsieur Le Petit, the respectable hairdresser of the Rue St. Jean, wiped his shining bald head with his bright orange handkerchief.

"Well," said I, "I had not thought about the heat, Monsieur Le Petit."

"*Tiens!*"—the astute hair-cutter put his parrot nose on one side, and looked at me out of his long brown eyes. "*Tiens!* and yet in the country which monsieur inhabits, there is, I am told, no sunshine—almost always fog?"

"Not quite so bad; but I did not mean to say it is not hot, Monsieur Le Petit, only I had not felt it."

"Aha!"—his face twitched. "Monsieur is, perhaps, thinking of the war, and the disgrace which an infamous tyranny has brought to France? *Ah, mon Dieu!* For me, monsieur, I eat not, I sleep not. I have no sons, but I see all round me sorrow and distress. There is hardly a home in St-Roque which the cursed war has not desolated."

A thought crossed my mind. Had this missing husband joined the army?

"Do you know any one of the name of Gerder?" I asked, and became at once aware that I had looked sheepish in asking.

The hair-dresser's eyes kindled; his nose quivered like the nose of a hungry spaniel.

"Aha! monsieur has heard of that affair? *Ma foi*, but it's a horror, a scandal of the most dreadful, that a young woman, quiet, unoffending, *gentille*, what will you—if she only knew how to *coiffer* herself—should be so suddenly left by her husband. Monsieur is acquainted with the poor young woman? It is sad, is it not, monsieur?"

He was in such a quiver of curiosity that I stiffened. It seemed as if every one was prying into my thoughts this morning.

"No, I have no acquaintance with Ma-

dame Gerder. I have heard of her grief—I thought her husband might have joined the army."

"Of his own will, monsieur?" The hairdresser laid his finger along his very movable nose, and winked his sly brown eyes. "Monsieur, to join the army willingly at this time would be the act of a hero, and Gerder is not a hero; he is a dancing-master. He has run away from from war; he has not gone to meet it. That is my opinion. I believe he has gone to London."

"Gone to London, and left his wife here to starve!" I checked myself, for the hairdresser's curious eyes were fixed on me.

"*Plait-il, monsieur*, but a woman who can sew and embroider need not starve. Madame Gerder is unhappy, but she has not a large appetite. No, she will not starve. *Au revoir, monsieur.*"

It seemed to me that when my fat little friend put his hat on after his farewell bow he clapped his hand on the pocket of his breeches.

"These Frenchmen are monkeys," I thought. "The little glutton!—I'm sure he is a glutton. He imagined I meant to appeal to his liberality."

#### IV.

It was the fourth day since I had given up my room, and the general of division had gone back to his quarters and I might have gone back to mine, but these back windows had become too interesting. And yet each day had been a repetition of the first: flower-watering by my pale, dark-eyed neighbour on the leads; frog-hunting by those chubby, seldom-washed urchins in the yard; constant stitching in the daytime; then the mysterious night errand; and then sobs and tears, and perplexed sympathy from myself.

"Why does she only cry at night?"

I stood thinking. *Jemima* takes pleasure in saying men are slow-witted, and that I am especially dull in piecing facts together. It may be so, but the conclusions to which this rapid female piecing leads are so often distorted and impossible that I prefer my own slower way. I had gone on thinking that Madame Gerder put a constraint on herself, and only allowed herself to cry at bed-time, as we let a fountain play at stated hours.

"Something happens to grieve her while she is out." The thought flitted itself into my mind with such weight and precision that I felt it had reason in it. I stood waiting, as I often do, to see what would follow. *Jemima* never understands this system.

She thinks me dull and stupid when I am only trying to let my thoughts turn themselves round.

"Why not see where she goes?"

The *table d'hôte* dinner-bell had rung and I was just going down. It was surprising how little interest I took in that which went on around me. I am not a novel-reader. I consider fiction unworthy the attention of a reasonable man, and perhaps for this reason I attach extra importance to the events of life, but I felt as if I were going to begin a fresh chapter of an interesting book when I once more went back to my bedroom. There was mystery in the affair which made my ears tingle. What would Jemima or any of my friends say if they knew that steady quiet I contemplated any thing so out of the usual routine of life as that of following a woman of whom I knew nothing when she went out alone in the evening? I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not afraid of Jemima. If I were afraid, I should never tell her anything which she might be likely to laugh at.

It seemed as if it never would grow dusk this evening. I had resolved to stay in my room instead of taking my usual stroll; it was better not to risk the chance of missing Madame Gerder. I could not look out of window even. I felt as if my purpose were written on my face; and although my neighbour seldom raised her head from that incessant stitching, still she might find out that I was watching her, and so possibly might give up the evening errand.

Madame Leroux too, the mother of the little frog-hunters, had been in the yard lately, and had stared very inquisitively at my windows. I was resolved she should not have the chance of saying an Englishman was "droll." Droll! Such a misplaced term altogether! Call us dull, monotonous, sober-sided; but it is impossible that there can be anything ridiculous in the calm decorum of a well-bred Englishman; for to my mind a well-bred man never betrays either surprise or admiration, or any of the more feminine impulses which give room for ridicule in spectators.

I tried to read, but my book had no power to fix my attention; it lay on the table while I sat upright in my chair; there was no union between us. I got up and walked about. I had not felt such a restless excitement to get rid of time since my first pantomime, or perhaps later on. Ah me! in that shamefaced hobbledehoy period, so full of delight and smarting,

when I used to long for the one evening of the week when I might call on Muriel Rose. Poor, sweet, fickle Muriel! It always has puzzled me how a fair fragile creature, with a name as pretty as herself, could marry as she did — Muriel Bull. And Bull was such a blockhead!

This thought of my old love helped me. I had taken care to find out the name of the street in which Madame Gerder's house stood; and a little while before her usual starting time I buttoned up my coat, slouched my wide-awake over my eyes, and went to find the Rue Puits d'Amour, the street at the back of the *Hôtel Ste-Barbe*.

At this distance of time I cannot say why I thus disguised myself; I suppose my feelings had got overwrought by the suspense. I am inclined to this thought by the circumstance of having recalled that Muriel Rose story — one of the rare points in my life in which I seem to myself ridiculous. I rather fancy I wrote verses at that time; I know I made some half a dozen, all ending with the same line: "Oh, Muriel Rose!" And one of the rhymes, I am positive, was "nose," and another "sloes," for Muriel had dark blue eyes. Silly girl! how she threw herself away! I believe I ought to be glad. She had grown immensely fat when I saw her last; her eyes were scarcely visible and her nose was red at the tip.

All this time I was waiting in the Rue Puits d'Amour, opposite the house which I fancied was Madame Gerder's.

Yes, here she was, coming out of the shabby doorway in her dark cloak — so dark that, as she turned swiftly down the street, it was difficult to see her in the darkness. On she went till we came out in the Place St-Etienne, then she twisted round so suddenly that we nearly came face to face. I pretended to go a few steps, lest she should detect me; but as I glanced over my shoulder I saw she was diving down a narrow turning on the left. I only followed just in time; she sped along like a dart, except that she turned and wound in and out so constantly that I had lost all count of whereabouts I was, when she stopped and then disappeared.

I did not know myself this evening. Instead of hesitating or demurring, I followed blindly into the darkness where I had last seen madame. It was an open passage, full of bad smells, and as dark as the street outside.

"My good friend," said I to myself, "you are in a rash mood to-night; you may lose your watch and your purse just for



the sake of idle curiosity. What would — hang it! my life's my own; I don't live for my watch or for *Jemima*. I will know where Madame Gerder goes."

I had just announced this resolution when I stumbled against the stairs; I stretched out my hand and found a baluster. A door above me opened and then was gently closed. This was discouraging; for although I had been capable of tracking Madame Gerder, I could not listen through a keyhole. This was what I told myself as I began to mount the stairs. I went very slowly; the stairs were old, and they creaked; and somehow it is not easy to go up a strange staircase in utter darkness without stopping now and then to feel your way.

At last I came to an end — at least the stairs did. I looked about, but there was no glimmer of light from any of the doors, which I guessed must be beside me; no sound of voices.

It seemed to me as if another self, more like *Jemima*, rebuked me.

"You're a fool, John Ponsonby," it said in a sharp, cutting voice; "and you've not only made yourself ridiculous, but you've done it for nothing."

I felt glad it was dark, my face had grown so hot. I stood listening.

Hark! what was that — a cough? Yes, a delicate cough, and then a snarling, snapping voice.

I could not make out words, but I felt sure there were speakers not far off, and that they were above me.

I groped cautiously, and presently found some more stairs on my right hand, more like a ladder than stairs; but I went up confidently, for the voices grew more and more distinct. As I mounted, light shone through long chinks above me, and when I reached the uneven floor at the top of the ladder I saw that I had got to the roof, and that this was merely a *grenier* boarded off. No need to listen at the keyhole; quiet as the voice was, its earnestness made each word distinct.

"But, *Achille*, it is not so long; if thou wouldst return to-morrow thy absence might be explained and thy pupils might be recovered."

"Bah! bah! bah! Thou art a fool, *Eugénie* — a selfish fool too. What! for the gain of a few francs — for at my first lesson I should be captured — thou wouldst risk the liberty, possibly the life, of thy husband! *Ciel!* what egotists these women are — true monsters of egotism! To spare thy fingers a few stitches thou wouldst send me to face these Prussian

devils — for they are not men. And I tell thee, *Eugénie*, I could never stand to be shot at; and why should I? I have good legs, and I should put them to the use for which they were given me, and then I should be disgraced — what do I know? — shot dead, for running away. *Ahi!*"

He seemed to smother his head in terror.

"No, no; it is not for that. Oh, *Achille*, my husband" (there was a sob in Madame Gerder's voice), "only come back to me, or let me stay here with thee. I will work just as hard. It is not that I grieve for."

"*Bêtise!*" he snapped like an angry cur. "What is it, then? All again egotism, thy love! *Parbleu!* love cares for the welfare of the thing loved, not its own. I am very well here. I lie in bed, it is true, but I have plenty of tobacco, and I have some *feuilletons*, and I am in general content with the food thou bringest. I tell thee I am content; it is only thy tormenting disposition which disturbs my life."

"Life!" and then she drew a deep breath. It seemed to me that she must be having a hard fight to keep down her contempt. Not a bit of it. On she went again:

"*Achille*, my beloved — idol of my heart — listen to me. I believe thou wilt be as safe in our own apartment as here. Other husbands are not torn from their wives. I have questioned and inquired, and I am sure of what I say. Is it not better to take this little risk than to lie here useless and idle? Kiss me, *Achille*. I do not mean it as reproach — I could not."

"*Ah, morbleu!* No, madame. A kiss! Go away, I say. Get up from thy knees, crocodile — get out of my sight; and to-morrow when thou bringest my supplies leave them at the door. Dost thou hear? The door will be closed — bolted. Understandest thou? It is not for nothing thou hast insulted thy husband and thy master."

One more faint "*Achille!*" but his vociferation drowned it. I groped farther along the flooring, which seemed more spacious than the landing below, and presently, as I expected, a door was cautiously opened and shut, and Madame Gerder glided down into the darkness.

I waited until I could no longer hear her footsteps, but I had to put a strong constraint on myself. I so longed to give the miserable coward in this *grenier* the chastisement he deserved!

When I reached the street I was fairly

puzzled. I fancy I must have made the circuit of St-Roque in my efforts after the Hôtel Ste.-Barbe; but I reached it at last. When I got to my room Madame Gerder's window was curtained for the night.

## V.

## "A LETTER for monsieur."

I went to the curtained door and took the letter from the *femme de chambre*.

I was going to pocket it till breakfast time. It was, of course, from Jemima, and would keep, and I wanted to watch for my neighbour's appearance among her flowers—as yet her window remained curtained—but even a hasty glance showed that the letter was not in Jemima's handwriting.

I opened it at once. It was from the very friend I had dined with only a fortnight ago on the eve of his departure for Havre. He writes from Havre now. He has mislaid or lost his passport, and is "in a fix," he says; because he speaks with a decided Yorkshire twang and has a silky black beard the fact of his being an Englishman is doubted. Knowing that I have some acquaintance with the authorities here, he asks me in charity to go over to him without delay. I can go by the Arne steamer, he says, which obviates all changes on the way. He knows he is asking a great favour, but what can he do?

"Confound him!" I look over the way. The window has been opened, but the curtain remains drawn. I fear my neighbour is ill, and my heart aches; and then my blood boils over with rage as I think of the little coward yonder, smoking as he lies reading the foul trash he calls "*feuilletons*."

"If I start by the boat at once I may get back by the train this evening."

Really, for a man of my deliberate habits, I planned all this with amazing dispatch.

Though I had spent some time in St-Roque I had never had the curiosity to go and inspect the miserable little steamer that plies daily down the Arne, and then across the mouth of the Seine to Havre. There are circumstances in every one's life which are treated of best in gaps, and my voyage in the Arne steamer is one of these. I will simply state that we carried about a score of Norman peasants, chiefly women, a couple of cows, some sheep, and a large family of pigs, and that the boat rolled horribly when we reached the mouth of the Arne. After this I will only add that by the time I reached Havre, or "Avver," as the British lady at Frascati's

called it, I was not in a mood to return to St-Roque the same afternoon.

My friend had actually found his passport, and was at the landing when I reached it. I do not think I ever felt so cross in my life. To have been dragged away in the midst of the most interesting adventure I had ever chanced on, to have endured those three hours of disgust and anguish, for the sake of seeing a man grinning at me from the quay and calling me "a capital fellow!"

I got rid of him at last on the plea of a headache, and then I walked out of Frascati's and sat down on the beach.

In the quiet cool spot I had chosen, with the vast empty sea before me, I went over in thought the little drama of the previous night, and I asked myself if it was really I, myself, John Ponsonby, grey-haired and respectable, that had so acted. Had I really followed a woman to a strange house, and actually listened to her conversation? If I had been capable of wearing a paper collar I think it might have ignited, so sudden and intense was the heat of my face and ears.

I got up and walked about.

This place is much hotter than St-Roque. I shall go back by the first train to-morrow.

## VI.

It seemed like going home as the train sped on between the brilliant fruited trees of the orchards. When I came in sight of the low flat meadows with tall poplar fringes that surround the many-spired city of St-Roque, what a contrast to the noisy bustle of Havre, with its streets full of soldiers and disorder!

The railway station is not far from the *caserne*. I saw a crowd there, and I asked a man in a blouse what was going on.

"Only a fresh levy gone off by train—more food for the Prussian guns," he said, sturdily.

I turned away; I began to wish myself back in England.

The street that leads back into St-Roque is full of old grey houses, with here and there a grating under an arched doorway, showing a glimpse of colour and verdure, trimly kept flower beds, backed by creeping plants and clustering vines.

Happy homes within those old walls, and each one had to yield its victim for this accursed war!

The street had looked empty when I turned into it, but suddenly under a recessed doorway I came upon a woman in a dark cloak.

She had not heard my footsteps. She leaned with her face against the hard stones; but she was not crying.

I had no time for reflection. I saw it was Madame Gerder.

"Madame," I said, "pardon me"—I seemed to know the way to her heart by instinct. "Is anything the matter with your husband?"

She gave me such a look! There was keen inquiry and despair, and for a moment revolt, but this only for an instant. The effort to speak brought tears along with her words.

"They have taken him, monsieur. My Achille is dragged away to die with the army."

"I trust not." The words came of themselves, but they nearly choked me. Would it not be the best possible event in Madame Gerder's life if her miserable, cowardly sneak of a husband were put out of the way with as little delay as possible? But common-sense had no chance with sympathy against such eyes as Madame Gerder's. They pierced me through with their agony of sorrow.

"Monsieur is English," she said, clasping her hands; "but monsieur could tell whether I could follow my husband if he goes on to Paris?"

"I fear not, madame. Very soon I believe the capital will be so hemmed in that ingress or egress will be alike impossible. But, madame, if you will point out any way in which I can serve you I shall be grateful."

She smiled, though tears came fast streaming over her pale face. I have rarely seen a woman look attractive in tears—Madame Gerder was charming.

"Monsieur is very kind"—a little courtesy here. "I don't know how to thank him; but no one but the good God can help me now. Ah, if I can only get to my husband! He is not used to be roughly treated, monsieur. If they will only let me do what I can for him, that is all I hope for, monsieur—all I want; but I thank you always from the bottom of my heart."

A thought came to me.

"You would like to follow your husband to Rouen?"

"Yes, monsieur."

I hurried back to the station, and learned when the next departure would be for Lisieux. I dared not offer money to Madame Gerder—something in her face forbade it—but she looked grateful when I put the railway ticket in her hand, and bade her God speed.

I wonder whether that miserable little

husband was glad to see her sweet face again, and whether he came alive out of the war? When I next visit St-Roque—and I think it will be soon—I must learn these facts from Madame Mérand or my fat friend, Monsieur Le Petit. I often wonder what will happen should I find Madame Gerder a widow. She is the most interesting woman I have ever seen—there is no doubt about it.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### A PILGRIMAGE TO PORT-ROYAL.

It was past the middle of May. After a month in Touraine, I was hurrying home, having just five days to give to Paris.

That was a settled point; but it was Saturday afternoon when we left Chartres, and the idea of a Sunday in Versailles was simply intolerable.

Why not stop at la Verrière and see Port-Royal? So we did stop, and walked across the ugly downs through Mesnil St-Denis, where there is a wretched church, and village green, and a horse-pond railed round, just like those at Hackney or Hammersmith. What a different soil from the Touraine sand,—so astonishing in its fertility to those who look on sand as "hungry" and barren. Here it is stiff clay, with ruts which in this drought are as hard as iron, and in which in the good old time you can fancy Monseigneur's coach sticking fast after a week's rain, until half a village was whipped up to help it along. No hedges—a wide melancholy plain, bounded by the forest and crossed by avenues of apple-trees. The crops are much weedier than in Touraine, and the wheat here has, I fear, failed more entirely than the alternate frosts and thaws made it fail there. Altogether the country and the people look gloomy: of the latter there are two types, the stunted and the big, coarse, raw-boned, both equally distinct from the well-fed sturdy Touraine folks. Suddenly we came to the steep edge of a dell, too long and narrow to be called acombe; sides and bottom are full of dwarf wood with undergrowth of cowslip and big spurge and starwort and broom and heather and wild strawberry. The hawthorn is still in bloom; birch and willow mix their tender green with the gold of the young oaks; thrushes are singing good night, and the cuckoo is calling from the opposite bank, which with its gravel and fuller's earth cropping out here

and there shows that the clay is superposed on what we in Wessex call "brash." The whole place is not at all unlike Vallis, between Frome and Mells, only the stream is not half so pretty. But we have not made five steps down the wood-path when there is a roar which silences thrushes and cuckoo, and puts up a brood of partridges close to our feet. Another and a third, and then silence again: *C'est le mont Val-érein qui parle*; and the monster goes on speaking at intervals all through our walk.

We soon get down to the stream, and follow it over a carpet of blue-bells through a poplar grove. Almost every tree is loaded with mistletoe, which, I found, they encourage in Touraine because, boiled with bran, they think it makes good food for pigs. "What a profanation!" said I; but the farmer who told me why it was grown evidently thought there was kissing enough without it being specially encouraged to the waste of useful fodder.

At last we come to the farm-buildings — the "Grange" where Pascal, the Arnaulds, Tillemont, &c., lived when Port-Royal was at the height of its fame. These are so close to the convent itself that it almost seemed as if the Jansenists had determined to repeat the old Scotie experiment\* of monastery and nunnery side by side, "to help meditation." The whole place is gloomy and meanly built, nearly all of "cob." We open a gate, and walk unchallenged across the garden (once the old chapel and burying-ground) to the château. A tall old gentleman meets us: We have come for hospitality; what can he do? His house is full. Yet he will not hear of our walking on to la Chevreuse in the dark. *Il s'adresse à madame*, and the result is, that in ten minutes we are sitting down to a very good supper: soup, cutlets, delightful pommes frites, an omelette of course, goat's milk cheese, and wine which they have sent for to the mill.

Our shake-downs are laid in a long lofty room, containing an old brass clock with a bit of yellow parchment nailed to the case, which I read, "Cette horloge a été mise en place le 24 févr. 1670, dans la chambre de la communauté de nostre monastère des champs, par les soins de Monsieur Arnauld d'Andilli, nostre père, nostre bien-faiteur." And in the corner is written, "Cette authentique est de la main de la

mère Angélique de St-Jean, fille de Mr. d'Andilli, pourlors prieur de Port-Royal sous la mère Dufargés d'Angenneau."

That is the only relic in the house, but it was enough to keep me awake with the effort to remember what I had read on the subject, from the "Paley" of years ago, and his strictures on the miracles at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, to Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's genial history of the Sisterhood.

That Baptist-chapel-looking building at the end of the garden is the Port-Royal "Museum," in which the owner has placed portraits of all the celebrities — Tillemont, Nicole, the Arnaulds, the Mère Angélique, &c. — and a good many autograph letters, as well as a set of queer old pictures showing different scenes of convent life, the nuns in chapter, *faisant conférence dans la solitude*, or working as they sit in their open-air amphitheatre. Other pictures represent the persecution, — d'Argenson insolently bursting in and reading the king's order for turning the nuns out; and the last act of all — the Jesuits with bell, book and candle desecrating the burial-ground and having the bodies dug up and carried away.

There are also plans and pictures of the grounds, both in their wilderness state, in which it is no wonder they were unhealthy, and also after they had been partly drained and improved by the hard work of the literary men at la Grange. Even now that the ponds have been turned into wheat and clover fields, the valley was the only place in France where, during this visit, I saw a regular English white mist following the course of the stream. It looks very pretty, however, in the picture, with swans sailing on the ponds and nuns in white with red cross and black hood, walking about among the trees. Their gardens were quite famous: they used regularly to send some of the produce to the great people in Paris, and Mazarin said he always knew the flavour of the *fruit béni*, as he called it. A most interesting picture is that which shows a chapter of Sisters giving away clothes; for we are told in the biography of Mère Angélique, that the nuns, at her suggestion, often used to strip themselves of necessary apparel in order that the many claimants might not go away empty. No embroidery, or any convent-rubbish of that kind, went on at Port-Royal. The nuns divided their time between doctoring (in their study of which they had anticipated our lady M. D.'s) and making dresses — patchwork garments, when their funds would not buy

\* See Todd's *Life of St. Patrick*; the Legend of St. Bridget, &c.

stuff enough — for the thousands who had lost everything during the cruel wars of the Fronde. More than once the Church plate, even to the silver lamps and candlesticks, was sold: nay, even the linen altar-cloths were taken to bind up wounds or to make underclothing. Mère Angélique, in fact, acted like Mr. Müller, of the Bristol Orphanage — went on giving, giving, in strong faith that, though she might be reduced to her last half-crown, a supply would come from somewhere just at the last moment. This self-denying spirit she managed to inspire into all about her. One of the carters, Innocent Fai, always used to eat dog-biscuit, in order that he might give his rations to the poor. He sold half his little patch of land, and spent the money in ransoming prisoners — a great work in that day, when the soldiers on both sides were scarcely more careful whom they seized than the Prussians were when molested by *francs-tireurs*. Fai kept the rest of his land in corn, which (after work-hours) he used to thresh; his friend the convent miller ground it for him; his sister baked it; and then it was all given to the poor, along with clothes, in buying which he spent all his wages. Finding he got talked about, Fai begged a friend to give the things away in his own name; and when this could not be managed, he told the Sisters, and insisted on their adding the whole to their common stock of doles. He was so often found reading the Bible in the stable — pretending, if anyone came in, to be rummaging among the litter, that the nuns gave him a little room with lock and key; and there he shut himself up and copied out texts to learn by heart while he was at work. Poor fellow, he used to carry out literally the precept about the “two coats;” and one hard winter, having given his shoes and stockings to a sickly woman, he caught cold and died. “*Strange to say*, just one fortnight (remarks Mère Angélique in her necrology) “after he had been laughed at by a worldly gentleman for his folly in thus stripping himself, he died without a penny in his pocket, but attended by six of the first physicians in France, and nursed not by hirelings, but by the recluses of Port-Royal, men whose education was in courts, whose names on earth were among the princes of the land, and in heaven among the saints.” On which little history there are several things to remark: the language reminds us, for instance, of the intensely aristocratic nature of most religious movements in France; this is specially true of the

Huguenot movement, and partly accounts for its failure: it never spread its roots widely among the masses. Another thought suggested by Fai's death is, what the world has lost by this sort of moral conscription, which picks out the purest and most self-sacrificing spirits, and leaves society to be perpetuated by the morally and spiritually maimed and stunted. Moreover, I think a great deal of that selfishness which so embitters the French war of classes, is due to the idea that “the Sisters will do it all,” “we may leave that to the good Fathers.” Thousands of well-to-do Frenchmen, whether friends of order or not would answer the appeal “*Mon-sieur, il faut vivre*,” in the very words, “*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*,” attributed to the great sceptic. And one cause of this is because some sisterhood or brotherhood has always stood in the gap, relieving individual responsibility with funds, perhaps contributed by some great lady who is working hard à *faire son salut* a hundred leagues off.

But we are in Port-Royal Museum, amid the portraits and the autographs. Here is the founder of the original convent, Mathilde de Garlande, wife of Matthew Lord of Marly, a cadet of the Montmorencies. When he was going on a Crusade he left his wife some money to spend in pious works. She, by the advice of Eudes de Sully, bishop of Paris, bought in 1204 the fief of Porrois (whence the name Port-Royal), and built the abbey, employing the same architect who had just been at work on Amiens cathedral. From the pictures it would seem that her church was a beautiful specimen of First Pointed style. The rule was Cistercian; but the nuns did not keep to it. They became, if not immoral, at any rate idle and self-seeking. At the end of the sixteenth century most of the French nunneries were merely select lifeboarding-houses for ladies of the upper classes. To be made abbess was as good as a first-rate marriage; and (as in France, from long before Caesar's day, there has always been the dowry difficulty) the post of abbess (almost always in the gift of the Crown — a privilege more valued than all the Gallican liberties besides) was very much coveted. Influential families got quite little girls set over wealthy convents. Marie-Angélique Arnauld, afterwards Mère Angélique, was barely eight when she put on the nun's dress; at nine she made her profession before the general of Cîteaux; at eleven she was named abbess. It reminds us of the Scotch story, anent the good old days of patronage, of the



meejor greetin' in his cradle for want of the nurse who was busy "smacking" the refractory colonel. Marie-Angélique, during whose minority the nuns flattered themselves they should have a fine time of it, soon shows vigour of mind — "finding her chief girlish amusement in reading Plutarch." At seventeen she is converted by the sermon of a Capuchin who is leaving France in order to abjure Romanism. She naturally has an illness; after which she comes out strengthened for the work of reforming nuns who wore starched muslins and gloves and masks, and had masquerades in carnival time, and who dressed their hair elaborately instead of covering it, and confessors whose least objectionable pursuit was hunting in the nunnery woods. What a determined character she was is shown in her behaviour on the celebrated *jour du quichet*; when, almost at the cost of her life, she kept the great gates locked against her father and family, and refused to see them except in the little parlour or reception room, as if they had been anybody else's friends. Having gained her point, she met her father's reproaches and her brother's taunts by fainting at their feet. The struggle was too much for her; but her evident sense of duty so impressed all her relations that they were won over, and we know what some of them became when Port-Royal grew to be a school as well as a nunnery. She could not at this time have been more than eighteen; but when quite a child she had given an earnest of future firmness. One day grandpapa Marion told her and her sister Agnes (then not five years old) that they should both be nuns. "Since it is your wish, grandpapa, I give my consent; but only on one condition — that I shall be an abbess," said Marie. Agnes said nothing; but she came in by-and-by, looking so sad and grave that M. Marion questioned her: "I can't be an abbess," she replied, for "mamma says abbesses have to give an account of their nuns' souls; and I'm sure I shall have enough to do to take care of my own." "But I," said Marie, "will be an abbess and nothing else; and I'll take good care, you may be sure, grandpapa, to keep my nuns in order." I don't think you could guess Mère Angélique's character from her face or from her handwriting. It is a sweet face, with not a trace of sternness in it: the writing is plain, upright, the very opposite of the modern "lady's hand."

Close to Mère Angélique and her sister is the Abbé Paris, about whom Paley says so much, and Quesnel, and St.-Cyran, who,

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as we shall see, had so much to do with shaping the particular creed of Port-Royal. I did not see a picture of Jansen, to whom the sect, Calvinist in doctrine, Methodist in practice, owes its name.

It was time that a protest should be made against the corruptions of Jesuitism. We may imagine the horror with which men like Loyola and Xavier, and Loyola's pet convert Francis Coster, would have read Father le Moine's *Easy Devotion*, which shows that "simply to live is far harder than to live piously, now that penance is easier than vice." No wonder Pascal, or Louis de Montalte as he chose to call himself, was moved to that indignation of which the unsympathizing Voltaire says, "it equals Molière in wit, and Bossuet in sublimity." "If you buy an *Escobar*," he says, "be sure to get either the Brussels edition of 1651, or the Lyons one with a lamb on the back, with 7 seals as a vignette;" and then he quotes such rules as "a woman may gamble, and for this may secretly take her husband's money," and "to the profitable hearing of mass none obest alia prava intentio ut aspiciendi libidinosæ feminas" — "going to church does you good, even though you only go to cast sheep's eyes at the girls." Here, is a nice bit of casuistry from Lessius: "quamvis mulier illicitè acquirit, ut per adulterium, licitè tamen retinet acquisita, nisi ab eo accipisset qui alienare non potest, ut a religioso aut filio familias." That is, Mrs. Newington Davy may keep all she can get from Davy, Moon, and Co., provided they are not meddling with entailed property; but if Father Spoonbill gives her anything she must refund, for the Father can't spend a farthing on his *menus plaisirs* — what he has is not his but the brotherhood's. This from Father Banny is strangely put, and must (one would think) have scandalized French laymen as much as it would astonish English lawyers: "A daughter does not wrong her father when she gives herself to a man in marriage or otherwise, for her chastity is her own property just as her body is, to which she may do anything, except cut off a limb or commit suicide." People had submitted long enough to this sort of thing, when Jansen, long known as one of the first theologians of Louvain, published his *Mars Gallicus*, drawing a contrast between the French and Spanish clergy, much to the disadvantage of the former. He thereby still more offended Richelieu, already enraged with a sect which dared to say that the love of God, and not reward and punishment — the motive set forth in an early work by his Emi-

nence—could alone prompt men to live a really Christian life. Richelieu was then meditating a patriarchate for France, of which himself should be patriarch. To have the real state of the French Church laid open at such a time was most damaging. This accounts for the vindictive malice of the man, who was quite right in saying of himself that when he determined on a thing he went right at it: "Je renverse tout, je fauche tout, et ensuite je couvre tout de ma soutane rouge." Between Richelieu and the Jesuits the reformers had a bad time of it; and Jansen, dying not two years after his appointment to the see of Ypres, could do nothing to help them. His executors, indeed, hastened the outburst of the storm which had long been threatening. Jansen's last work, his great *Commentary on Augustine*, which he had barely completed when the plague carried him off, was, by his special directions, to have been submitted to the Pope before being published. He left a letter written with his dying hand to Urban VIII., giving up the manuscript wholly into his holiness's charge, "because the expressions of St. Augustine are peculiarly profound and liable to misunderstanding." No less express is his will, dictated half an hour before his death: "Sentio aliquid difficulter mutari. Si tamen Romana sedes aliquid mutari velit sum obediens filius, et illius ecclesiæ, in quâ semper vixi usque ad hunc lectum mortis, obediens sum. Ita postrema voluntas mea est. Actum sext. Maii, 1638." And he talks loosely about "the true and infallible light before which all false glare disappears,"—just in the style which has been so useful to the recent asserters of the dogma. His executors suppressed this letter, which was not discovered till the taking of Ypres by Louis XIV., when Condé got hold of it; and they published the work simultaneously at Amsterdam and Rouen within two years after its author's death.

Better had Jansen confined himself to St. Augustine's earlier writings, instead of choosing those which were written under the excitement of the Pelagian controversy. He was soon called a heresiarch; his tomb in Ypres Cathedral was rifled and demolished: a second monument raised to him fared no better; and Father Cornet drew up his five well-known propositions, which the Sorbonne pronounced heretical, and of which Innocent X.'s bull required every churchman to register his condemnation. To the surprise of their enemies, the Port-Royalists signed unanimously, adding a few words to show that the propositions, framed

with such careful malice, were really quite different from Jansen's theses. The remedy for this was to get another bull from Alexander VII., requiring everybody not only to condemn the propositions, but to assert that they were fairly extracted from Jansen's book, and were not found in St. Augustine: of course the Port-Royalists could not sign this. The church, they said, did not claim infallibility as to matters of fact; why should she? they are things of sense, not of faith. The falsehood of the propositions was a matter of faith as to which they at once submitted; but their being in Jansen's book was a question of fact. This was at the end of 1653. The result was a sharp persecution, the nuns being drafted off to other convents and the recluses put into the Bastille. Madame de Longueville, however, an unexpected convert, used her influence, even writing a long letter to Clement IX., a kinder man than his predecessors, and a peace was patched up which lasted till her death.

But for its connection with Jansen, the obedience of Port-Royal might have taken rank with the work of Ste.-Thérèse, of St.-Vincent de Paul, and many more which Rome wisely assimilated instead of rejecting. The connection was brought about through the Abbé of St.-Cyran, Jean du Vergier de Hauranne, Jansen's fellow-student at Louvain. The Fleming's health suffered much from the damp climate; so, being ordered by his doctors to try change of air, he accepted an invitation to stay with du Vergier at Bayonne. They worked hard at the Bible together;—reading the Bible was always a strong point with the Port-Royalists; and after six years Jansen went back to Louvain, and his friend came to Paris, where he soon became famous. Eight times they tell us he had occasion to say *nolo episcopari*: and Richelieu introduced him at court as the most learned man in Europe. At Paris he and Zanet, bishop of Langres, set up a convent in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, over which they wished the Mère Angélique, already famous as a reforming abbess, to preside. The plan failed; but de St.-Cyran had been introduced to Arnauld d'Andilly, the Mère's eldest brother, and by him was taken to see Port-Royal. He soon became its director; and things went on well enough till he offended the all-powerful Cardinal Richelieu. When bishop of Luçon, he published a catechism, teaching that abstinence from outward sin is enough, and that that strong love of God which causes deep sorrow for sin is superfluous. This brought him and the Jesuits, who held

the same view, into direct collision with the new "heresy:" but this was not all. Richelieu wanted to annul the marriage between Gaston of Orleans and Margaret of Lorraine; the Pope and all the foreign universities pronounced the marriage valid; so a Gallican synod was summoned, which decided according to the Cardinal's wish; nay, several clergy volunteered to write justifications of the divorce. But de St.-Cyran would not give his assent, and the assent of the father of the Port-Royal school was worth securing. Nicole, Arnauld, Sacy, Lancelot had followed his lead so well, that *c'est marqué au coin de Port-Royal* began to be said of any work remarkable for elegance of style. Port-Royal, too, had, to the great mortification of the Jesuits, who aimed at being the only schoolmasters in Europe, become a school, in the literal sense of the word. Its grammars, its logic, its mathematics, were famous throughout Europe; and M. de St.-Cyran's friends sent their boys to the teachers over whom he presided. Port-Royal was a power — a power of which the Jesuits, as literary men and schoolmasters, were naturally most jealous, and against which they were delighted to sharpen the Cardinal's anger. De St.-Cyran refusing to acquiesce in the divorce, was seized and put into a dungeon in Vincennes. He was kept there, in a miserable plight, till Richelieu's death; and the hardships which he had undergone so told on him, that he died not many months after his release (Oct. 1643). The account of his captivity (*Mémoire touchant la Vie de M. St.-Cyran, par Dom Claude Lancelot, pour servir d'éclaircissement à l'histoire de Port-Royal*) is one of the most interesting works in the voluminous Port-Royal literature. When first imprisoned he lost faith, and was for a fortnight in a desponding state, till the words, "princes have persecuted me without a cause," &c., were borne in on him to his comfort. His charity to his fellow-prisoners was wonderful: noticing as winter set in that several of them were thinly clad, he sent most of his books up to Paris, begging a lady friend to sell them, and buy clothing, "among it a suit for the Baron and Baroness of Beausoliel. Let it be fine, such as suits their rank . . . that, in looking at each other, they may, for a few minutes at least, forget that they are captives." The Baron and his wife and the rest got their winter clothing, never suspecting whence the supply came; but seeing M. de St.-Cyran alone was left out in the distribution, they thought his having been forgotten was a judgment on him for his her-

esy. No wonder such a man impressed (or, if you like the word, converted) his guards and his gaoler. How John de Wert, prisoner of war, heard of him, I do not know; but the story goes that, being present at one of Richelieu's grand ballets, he was asked by the Cardinal, "what's the most marvellous sight you've ever seen?" Honest de Wert, instead of humouring the Cardinal's vanity by praising the spectacle before him, said, "Nothing is to me so marvellous as to see here, in the realm of his most Christian Majesty, saints languishing in prison while bishops dangle at theatres." During his imprisonment, de St.-Cyran kept up his connection with the Port-Royalists, and with a great circle of correspondents — among them ladies like the Princess of Guimenée (de Rohan) and Louisa of Gonzaga, afterwards Queen of Poland. His letters were passed from one to the other; and his style is said to have done as much towards forming French prose as his earnestness did in strengthening the protest against Jesuit corruption. If he seems weak compared with those who followed him, let us remember that his *Petrus Aurelius* was so highly esteemed in its day, that the French clergy published an edition of it at their own expense in 1642.

Thus mixed up with Jansen's heresies, the Port-Royalists, nuns as well as recluses, were always sure to be persecuted when anyone grew zealous enough to be persecuting. But their final overthrow was the work of the same hand which ruined France by driving out the Huguenots. The blow came when the bigoted court of Versailles had been made desperate by continued ill-successes; Malplaquet was fought in September 1709; in October the nuns were expelled by royal mandate. "For the good of the State, all the nuns are to be immediately separated, and dispersed in different religious houses out of the diocese of Paris," was Cardinal de Noailles' order, read by d'Argenson before the affrighted chapter. "*Un demi-quart d'heure*" was all the time this model gendarme would allow for preparation; and when the nuns hoped they might be left two and two together in their new homes, seeing they were mostly old and infirm, "No," he said, "you must all be separated; here is everybody's journey money, and here's the pay for her first quarter's board." One nun fainted; another, who had been bled the day before, felt the wound in her arm re-open; another wanted the prioress to protest and threaten a legal appeal. "What use is that against a *lettre de cachet*, my daughter?" was the reply. It

was noted (for the weakness of the Port-Royalists was for omens and quasi-miracles) that the two dormitory lamps, which had burnt on ever since the convent was set up, both went out on this sorrowful morning. But you should read in Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's *Select Memoirs of Port-Royal*,—if you can't get hold of such books as *Histoire générale de Port Royal depuis la réforme de l'abbaye jusqu'à son entière destruction* (à Amsterdam, chez J. Vanduren, 1756),—the story of their dispersion; how carriage after carriage moved off through lines of sobbing poor, who cried in frantic grief, "Mercy! mercy! you will ruin us if you take away our only friends."

The greatest grief of the Sisters was, that they were not allowed to make any provision for their old servants, people like *Fai* aforesaid; they recommended them to d'Argenson, who coarsely told them not to make vexatious delays; "all that will be looked to when you are gone." It was looked to; one very old man, who had served the convent gratuitously for fifty years, got fifty sols for his pains. It was a very cold season; some of the nuns were sent as far as Mont-Cenis, others to Amiens, &c. No wonder that old ladies, locked up in the inns where they stayed at night, and bullied by harsh guards, suffered so much that many of them died soon after reaching their destination; one of those who were sent to Chartres was almost dead when she was lifted out of the carriage. We know what roads were like in those days: no wonder we read of carriages overturned, nuns thrown out, and bruised and bemired "so as to have to strip off their dress and put on secular clothes." At Amiens, sister Annie de Ste.-Cécile arrives, much bruised and worn, at eleven at night at the convent to which she is assigned: she lives four days longer, literally worried to death by the nuns about her. In several places the Port-Royalists were refused admission, and had to wait for hours until special orders about them came from the neighbouring bishop. At Bellefond, near Rouen, the abbess, Mademoiselle St.-Pierre, being at last obliged to receive Julie de Ste.-Synclétique, a lady of the house of de Rémicourt, locked her up in a little tool-house, where she was kept without books, writing materials, or fire, through the coldest winter that France had had for two centuries. She saw no one but a lay sister, who soon began to pity her, and persuaded the scholars to save her some of their allowance of charcoal before it was quite burnt. This they did, thinking she meant to give it to the poor;

but she was found out before long, and had to do penance for her humanity. By-and-by the abbess began talking to her scholars about the delights of a convent life. "I shall never be one of you," said a brave girl of fifteen (I wish her name had been put on record), "there's not a grain of Christian charity among you all." "What does the girl mean?" "Why, look at that chimney; not once, all this hard winter, have we seen smoke come from it; yet there you keep a saint, whom her sanctity alone preserves from despair." As the rest of the scholars sided with their spokeswoman, the abbess gave way, and the next day allowed the imprisoned ex-sister a fire, and a short walk, and a seat in chapel (far away from the rest) during service. It was of this nun that the Archbishop of Rouen had said to the persecuting abbess, "You may persecute her, but you'll never alter her: she has a square head, and square-headed people are always obstinate." The Sisters got much the same everywhere—hard treatment and that petty tyranny which (as the *Siuriu* case showed) none are cleverer in practising than members of Christian sisterhoods. One of the nuns was paralytic, and nearly ninety years old—in second childhood, perhaps. Her fellows hoped that she was happily unconscious; but just as they were all being put into their carriages, she rose, and addressing d'Argenson, said, "Monsieur, aujourd'hui c'est l'heure de l'homme; mais le jugement de Dieu est sûr, et ne tardera pas d'arriver." She then relapsed into stupor, and died a few weeks after reaching the place of her imprisonment.

The servants, as I said, fared as badly as the Sisters: they were locked up all day, and turned out houseless at night; and when they came back next morning to look after their property, they found the *archers du roi* had robbed them of everything, and threatened to take them up as thieves when they ventured to claim their own. Several of them were past work, and having outlived their relations, had nothing for it but to try to get into the Hôtel-Dieu.

Meanwhile d'Argenson sent a courier to tell Madame de Maintenon that the work was done, and a priest, the bishop of Bellay's brother, ransacked the house, breaking open the cupboard doors to save the trouble of fitting the keys to them. Soon after, Madame de Châteaurenault, whom Madame de Maintenon had made abbess of Port-Royal, came to plunder what was left, and brought away a hundred cartloads of provisions, church-furniture,

&c. Early next year the monastery was demolished, and even the copper-plates on which Mademoiselle Horthmels, daughter to a Paris bookseller, had engraved a series of plates representing the church cloisters, &c., were seized and destroyed: "his Majesty" (i.e. Madame de Maintenon, revoker of the Edict of Nantes) "wished no record of the place to be preserved." Nearly two years later came the final desecration of the burying-ground. Noailles appointed le Doux, a priest, to superintend the work: this man gathered all the losels of the neighbourhood, and so primed them with drink that the place soon became a scene of revolting brutality. Are the French under such circumstances worse than other people? or is it in all human nature to act as these grave-diggers then did, and as the Versailles friends of order were so lately doing? We are reminded of the horrors of May 1871, when we read that le Doux's men, coming on the body of Laisné, an old convent servant who had often relieved them as well as the rest of the neighbouring poor, shouted, "Ah, ah, Laisné, te voilà donc encore!" and hacked him to pieces as they rammed him into an old packing-case along with a heap of other bodies, much as the drunken braves of Marquis Gallifet, and the *sbirri* of the Chief of the Executive power, rammed their victims into the slaughter-pits at Satory.

You can see on the edge of the valley some of the houses of St.-Lambert, the village to which the remains were carried, and thrown into a large pit; "the way was strewn with fragments of bodies dropped from the carts by the drunken drivers." When (as was natural) St.-Lambert became a pilgrimage-place for the poor of the district, the church was locked, and no one admitted except during service.

Of course the Port-Royalists have pointed out the "judgments" with which their enemies were visited. Madame de Châteaurenault died so suddenly, before she had completed her work of pillage, that there was no time to give her extreme unction; three successive heirs to the throne—the Dauphin, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, and the Duke of Brittany—were cut off in a strange and startling way; and Marlborough's victories destroyed even the empty prestige which might have cloaked the misery to which the Great King had reduced France. But there is no need to look for special judgments: Louis's acts bore their natural fruit: by revoking the Edict of

Nantes he flung away the bone and sinew of the nation; by crushing down Jansenism he destroyed the last hope that Popery might reform itself. I don't know whether or not his death-bed speech is really authentic; but we can well fancy him overwhelmed with doubt, and bitterly exclaiming to the priests about him, "I hope it was all right: you told me it was, and I believed you, and did it in all sincerity; but if it was wrong it was a horrible mistake." Feudalism must have been very bad indeed if it was worse than the system on which absolutism, "invoked," we are told, "as a bulwark against it," managed France. The king and people, sworn friends to the confusion of the nobles, seem to have made a very one-sided bargain. Robber-knights, pouncing down from their German eyries, were in this point less mischievous than d'Argensons with their king's archers, that they never pretended to act lawfully: moreover, one robber might be deftly set against another, and the Emperor was sometimes strong enough to be worth appealing to. But in France the tyranny went on by due process of law, and there is a point at which bad laws are worse than anarchy; the iron enters into the soul, and, even when it has been wrenched out, many generations must pass before the nation's soul loses the mark of it. If the French now-a-days are singularly, sadly, ready either to play the *mouchard* or to submit to the tyranny of him and his brother the *gendarme*, it is because they have been trained to it for ages in a way which makes them unhappily not at all likely to soon forget their early education.

There had been (as we saw) a previous dispersal or imprisonment of Port-Royal nuns. The order was signed in 1656, when the Sorbonne had ratified father Cornet's five propositions; but Madame de Longueville had influence enough to stay the persecution till she died in 1679. Port-Royal of Paris, however—the house which Mère Angélique's mother had bought for them, and which they had fitted up when Port-Royal des Champs was found so unhealthy that they left it until, by the patient labour of "the Port-Royal School," it was drained and made habitable—was taken from them as early as 1661, and all their pupils, among them the two daughters of the Duke of Luynes, were sent away. From 1679 till 1710 they lived in a perpetual state of alarm, gradually losing many of those who had made their society famous. The recluses were once again dispersed—some ban-



ished, some (among whom was de Saci, founder of the first Bible Society) put into the Bastille. His secretary Fontaine's account of his imprisonment is another of the Port-Royal books which deserve to be better known. De Saci died in time to be buried at Port-Royal, in the Church where he had gone to prayers when he was six years old, and where, after being ordained, he had sung his first mass; there were still a hundred nuns left to meet the coffin of the great translator of the Bible.

But I did not mean to give you a history of Port-Royal. I only wanted to refer you to the books in which you can read all about the growth and work and final suppression of school and convent. When I began this paper I wished to point out to the crowds of sight-seers one place, within easy reach of Paris, where they may pass a Christian Sunday; and they will not like the pretty Port-Royal valley and the grand woods of La Chevreuse the worse for having first read up a little of the history of which every stone and tree are eloquent. Mr. Udry, the present tenant, is a Romanist; he left us and went off to mass soon after we had seen the Museum. But he is no bigot: he has the true Anglican belief in original sin and the necessity of guiding grace. When we said we were Protestants, he replied, "Qu'est-ce que cela nous fait, pourvu que vous ne soyez pas comme ces matérialistes?" His sympathies were not wide enough to take in the men who afterwards tried to signalize their fall by burning their city. He would not have understood poor Milleère, with his dying cry of *Vive l'humanité!* But he was proud of the Jansenists, and was delighted to show us the visitors' book, in which the Germans had given their views. Hauptmann von Schöfeld had blossomed out in Latin, *et campos ubi Troja fuit*; Sprenger Kirchbaum, pharmacien, preferred French: "Hommage aux illustres solitaires qui ont fait de la langue et de la littérature Française la première littérature des peuples civilisés." Unpatriotic Kirchbaum! "Edmond Geyer, sous-officier de 9<sup>e</sup> ambulance," tried French less successfully: "*Le paix est singé; il est bien qu'il est fini la guerre pour tout le monde.*"

We sit long over breakfast looking through Vanduren's *Histoire générale*. The poor Sisters seem to have been often in trouble: they get mixed up somehow with Cardinal de Retz, and are defended by Racine from the consequent calumny. The Jesuit Brisacier maligns then in con-

nection with O'Callaghan, "a learned and very eloquent priest of the Sorbonne, curé of Cour Chiverne, near Blois, who had enraged the Jesuit by his rousing sermons." Brisacier calls them *vierges folles, sans religion et sans mœurs, impénitentes* (he accuses them of wishing to die without extreme unction, "in profane imitation of our Lord's death"), and above all *asacramentaires*, as he expresses it—this of a sisterhood which had taken up a special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. We plunge into Mère Angélique's letters; they are so delightful that we could go on reading them all day: she knows her rule is severe, but says, "*au commencement il faut prendre les choses le plus haut que possible, car il y a toujours une relâche.*" When we find her, in 1647, telling the Queen of Poland how great ladies came into retreat, "*ne pouvant plus souffrir Paris et le monde,*" we are reminded of Madame de Sévigné, who spent a year at Port-Royal and speaks of it as a place admirably suited to induce one to *faire son salut*. Mère Angélique's work was not limited to her own community: the general of her order set her the hard task of reforming the other Cistercian convents in France: she therefore visited Tard, St.-Aubyn, &c., and above all Maubuisson, near Pontoise, the richest of them all. The then abbess of Maubuisson was sister of Gabrielle d'Estrées; so we may well imagine what sort of a place the convent was—a house of call, in fact, it had been, when Gabrielle's sister first went there, for Henry IV. and his fellow-roysterers after a day's hunting. The way in which this lady, then abbess of Bertancourt, was put into such a very rich piece of preferment, is not at all creditable to the "vert galant" king. Gabrielle, of course, worried him into it: "Maubuisson" (she kept urging) "is so much nearer Paris than Bertancourt." "But Maubuisson elects its own abbess." Nevertheless, hunting one day in the convent woods, Henry stopped to pay his respects to Madame de Puisieux, the abbess; while they were talking he suddenly asked, "Pray, madame, of whom do you hold your office here?" "Sire, permit me to hold it from you, when it pleases your Majesty," replied the incautiously courteous abbess. "That I'll consider of," answered the king; and going off without a word of good-bye, he sent to Rome for authority, and soon held a chapter, in which he appointed Madame d'Estrées, "*vice* Madame de Puisieux, who has formally resigned." I hope the story is not true. Anyhow Gabrielle's sister and her nuns led such a scandalous life that,

after many warnings, Louis XIII. had to interfere. Madame d'Estrées, however, was not going to give up without a struggle: she imprisoned the first emissaries of the Abbot of Cîteaux; flogged the second; and when the abbot came with an armed retinue, she refused to appear in the chapter-house, and had to be carried off by force, after having hid herself in a secret room. She was put in the convent of the Filles Pénitentes and the Mère Angélique was temporarily installed in her place. She soon managed, with the help of three Port Royal nuns, to get up something like discipline among the loose-lived Sisters, who had even been accustomed to confess (when they did confess) according to a written formula, which they handed from one to another. How they could have been so readily moved to better things is a wonder, although some must all along have been better than the rest, for we hear that when the scandals were beginning the prioress bearded Henry to his face, and rescued a nun whom one of his companions had carried off into the abbess's lodge. However, before the reform was complete Madame d'Estrées escaped from the Filles Pénitentes, and getting her brother-in-law, the Count de Sanzé, to form a party of wild young men, she came back at their head and turned Mère Angélique out. But a good spirit had been awakened in the place. To d'Estrées' great vexation all the new and a great many of the old nuns ran out with their new abbess, and marched into Pontoise, where they had to wait in one of the churches till, after some two day's delay, M. de Cîteaux and 250 archers could be got to reinstate them. The whole story, including Madame d'Estrées' dismay at finding her splendid apartments turned into an infirmary, is racy of the time. At Tard, I think, the reforming abbess had still more trouble; but she was not wholly without troubles in her own sisterhood. One lady gave them a very large sum to rebuild their cloister, and at the same time presented herself as a postulant. After two years she was rejected on the ground of insufficient vocation. She then wanted back her money; and by selling and borrowing and begging they managed to repay her. Two sisters, one an heiress, the other penniless, came in; after the usual probation the heiress was chosen, the other rejected — but they gave up the whole of the heiress's fortune to her less pious sister. One of Madame de Bernard's daughters became a nun, contrary to her mother's earnest wish: for years the girl had begged to leave off *parures*, and had de-

voted herself to nursing the servants and poor sick neighbours; her mother, "to turn her thoughts into a right channel," would let her read nothing but novels, so she gave up reading altogether. Her confessor, a Jesuit, temporized: but a Jansenist priest whom she met with told her to obey God rather than man, and so she ran away to Port-Royal. Her sister followed not long after; and the mother, vowing never to see them again, naturally stirred up all whom she could influence against the wicked sisterhood.

The Jesuits of course hated the place of which it was said, "*il y a là quarante ecclésiastiques, dont quarante étudiants, et enfin quarante belles plumes taillées de la main d'un même maître*," and where so many boys of high birth were educated; and, no doubt, both the school of la Grange and the convent of Port-Royal des Champs would have fallen before, but for the miracle by which Pascal was interested in their defence.

Vanduren gives the account of the cure of Mademoiselle le Perrier's eye by a touch of the holy thorn, after he has been detailing the piety of Madame de Langues and "*ses lumières sur la science du salut*." It is very hard to judge about this wonderful story. The girl, a niece of Pascal, was suffering from caries of the cheek-bone, accompanied by a constant offensive discharge, and the sight of one eye was almost wholly gone. This was not a case like those which Paley so easily refers to enthusiasm. There is a feeling among the Sisters that the time is come when God will do something to stop the persecution which is begun; Mère Angélique prays for thirty consecutive hours; the Psalms for the day contain the words *fac mihi signum in bonum*; and, as they kneel, the mistress of the novices whispers to *la petite Perrier*, "*Recommandez-vous à Dieu, ma fille, et touchez votre œil avec la sainte épine*." It is Friday; and the thorn, lent by a friendly priest, is being passed round in chapel; the girl puts it to her eye, and is cured. The cure is attested by half-a-dozen doctors, amongst them Félix, first surgeon to the King, specially appointed by the Queen to investigate the matter; it is used by Pascal as an argument against the Jesuits; and he is understood to have said that an enemy had before twitted him with the total want of miracles to support the new faith. There is plenty about Pascal in the book — about his conversion by his sister; his vision (in 1654), the detailed record of which, with the words "*joie, joie, pleurs de joie*," was found stitched into his waist-

coat. Whether he was a man likely to be deceived in a plain case like that of his niece, those who know his *Pensées* better than I do must decide. At any rate, there is the date of the cure, March 24, 1656, just when a decree had been passed that scholars, nuns, and all should be turned out; and to it was due the partial respite, and probably also the conversion of Madame de Longueville, which brought the society her protection.

I should like to tell you a great deal about Racine and his history of Port-Royal, and his first poetical essays made in its woods: but we had better glance at the garden, where the fruit still keeps up its character, and to which water is supplied from a reservoir in an old tower dating from the Fronde war. This war, by the way, was the only occasion on which Mère Angélique lost heart. She and her nuns retired to Paris till M. de Saci encouraged them to come back and put their trust in God, and not in the human defences which the "recluses" had contrived to protect their property. After seeing the tunnel that takes off the water which used to fill the two fishponds (now drained and growing excellent wheat and oats), and having a good lesson in French gardening from our hosts, we set off across the rich valley, and then up glorious wood-paths, to the old tower of the Madeleine, linked with the name of one of the heroes of the Tour de Nesle; and, after wandering about and admiring the bowl-shaped valley of la Chevreuse lying below us, we descended, and pushed on to the Duke of Luynes' château of Dampierre. This we could not see. Madame was still in mourning for the head of the house, who fell at Beaugency. Her brother, wounded there, was limping about the terrace. So about Ingrès' pictures (of which the house contains many) I cannot tell you anything; but the park we were, as a special favour, allowed to walk in; and it was as cool and lovely as Versailles would have been hot and full of un-Sunday-like noise.

Dampierre should be seen by all who want to enjoy a quiet summer day near Paris; and let no one who goes to Dampierre fail to see what is left of Port-Royal. A good walker could easily make his way thence across country to Versailles, instead of going by way of la Verrière and the railroad. We English are too content with the French high roads; by going along by-ways you not only get that strategic knowledge which the Prussians found so useful, but you get to know the people; and no amount of travelling in a country

will make up for the want of this *bond fide* acquaintance. If your experience is like mine, the more you see of the French people the more you will like them and pity them. Is all that happens to a nation really to be charged to that nation's character? Can we ever conceive England in such a state as France was in 1685? When our kings did despotic deeds, we always say they were able to do them because the people went along with them; but that is just what the vast majority of the French did with Louis XIV. against the Huguenots. Yet we always recovered from our despotic fits; France never recovered that mad act of despotism urged on by bigotry. And how did the Port-Royal Sisters treat the Huguenots? Not a word about them in any of the books that I have read; yet we ought to be able to trace expressions of sympathy and so forth; for as it was the same hand which crushed both, so the destruction of each was alike deeply injurious to France.

From The Spectator.

#### MISS COBBE'S ESSAYS.\*

SEVERAL of Miss Cobbe's essays — which, it may be said in passing, take the breathless critic over a very wide and rarefied region of theology and metaphysics — have been noticed from time to time in the *Spectator*. For the one which gives a title to the volume we have already expressed an admiration which has not been diminished by a second perusal. We are not sure, indeed, that Miss Cobbe's position, logically considered, appears the more tenable the more carefully it is examined. She is perfectly prepared to receive the Darwinian doctrine of the descent of man from the lower animals. She is impatient and even scornful of the repugnance which that doctrine excites in the minds of some thinkers. But when Mr. Darwin goes on to assert the descent, so to speak, of man's moral nature from the instincts of animals, she makes a stand. The position is a perilous one. If the physical man, it surely may be argued, grew out of the brute or the mollusc, why not the moral? The instincts of the creature must have developed as his corporeal frame developed. Were they not developing out of instincts into what we call a morality? Or are we to suppose that at

\* *Darwinism in Morals, and other Essays.* By Frances Power Cobbe. London: Williams and Norgate. 1872.

some point of his growth he came under the dominion of the independent moral laws with which he before had no more concern than the brutes have now? Is not that hypothesis a demand which it is hopeless to make of those with whom Miss Cobbe would argue? At the same time, the argument of the essay must be allowed to be able and of great cogency. We cannot imagine how the lucid exposition of the inadequacy of Darwinism to account for the moral, and still more for the spiritual, phenomena of humanity, is to be met. Take this passage, for instance, which seems to us admirably forcible:—

“If it were true of mankind in general (as it may be true of the most gentle individuals) that a return to sympathy and good-will spontaneously follows, sooner or later, every unkind act, then Mr. Darwin's account of the case would supply us with an explanation of that side of the sentiment of repentance which is turned towards the person injured. It would still, I think, fail altogether to render an account of the mysterious awe and horror which the greater crimes have in all ages left on the minds of their perpetrators, far beyond any feelings of pity for the sufferers, and quite irrespective of fear of human justice or retaliation. This tremendous sentiment of Remorse, though it allies itself with religious fears, seems to me not so much to be derived from religious considerations as to be in itself one of the roots of religion. The typical Orestes does not feel horror because he fears the Erinyes, but he has called up the phantoms of the Erinyes in the nightmare of his horror. Nothing which Mr. Darwin, or any other writer on his side, so far as I am aware, has ever suggested as the origin of the moral sense, has supplied us with a plausible explanation of either such Remorse or of ordinary Repentance. In the former case, we have soul-shaking terrors to be accounted for, either (according to Mr. Darwin) by mere pity and sympathy, or (according to the old Utilitarians) by fear of retaliation or disgrace, such as the sufferer often notoriously defies or even courts. In the case of ordinary Repentance, we have a feeling infinitely sacred and tender, capable of transforming our whole nature as by an enchanter's wand, softening and refreshing our hearts as the dry and dusty earth is quickened by an April shower, but yet (we are asked to believe) caused by no higher sorcery, fallen from no loftier sky, than our own every-day instincts, one hour selfish and the next social, asserting themselves in wearisome alternation! What is the right of one of these instincts as against the other, that its resumption of its temporary supremacy should be accompanied by such portents of solemn angury? Why, when we return to love our neighbour, do we at the same time hate ourselves, and *wish* to do so still more? Why, instead of shrinking from punishment, do men, under such impressions, always desire to

expiate their offences so fervently, that with the smallest sanction from their religious teachers they rush to the cloister or seize the scourge? Why, above all, do we look inevitably beyond the fellow-creature whom we have injured up to God, and repeat the cry which has burst from every penitent heart for millenniums back, ‘Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned!’”

Nothing in the volume is more interesting than the two essays which, as standing together in the volume, should certainly be read in conjunction, “An English Broad-Churchman” and “A French Theist.” The “English Broad-Churchman” is Frederick Robertson, the “French Theist” is M. Félix Pécaut. There can be no doubt, of course, as to which of the two it is to whom Miss Cobbe's sympathies and convictions incline her, nor need we say that our own faith leads us in an opposite direction. She prizes M. Pécaut because, as she conceives, he has been able to show “what is the basis of fact in human consciousness which underlies popular Christianity,” to explain philosophically the difference between the place which Christ ought to hold and the place which He does hold in the estimation of mankind. In Robertson, on the other, she sees that popular theology as it reaches its most attractive and most refined development. For the popular theology, take it apart from the scholastic subtleties which have overlaid or distorted it, has for its characteristic the worship of Christ, and of that worship Robertson seemed the prophet and priest:—

“From his first desire to devote himself, like a knight of old, to ‘military service and the service of Christ,’ Christ's name seems to have been uppermost in his mind and on his lips; and, as his biographer affirms, he endeavoured to bring *everything*, even the petty worries of Brighton scandal, in some occult way to the test of the life passed in Galilee eighteen centuries ago. He deliberately identifies his whole religion with the *worship* of Christ, rather than with the attempt to follow God according to the doctrines of Christ. Christianity in his view is not so much the religion which Christ taught to men (though, of course, this he would also maintain it to be), as the religion which teaches men about Christ. In one of his sermons (quoted by Mr. Brooke) he says:—‘In personal love and adoration of Christ the Christian religion consists, and not in a correct morality or a correct doctrine, but in a homage to a King.’ In another place he writes to a friend:—‘Only a human God and none other must be adored by man.’ Thus it appears that his intellect ratified the tendency of his feelings. He deliberately made ‘the Christian religion’ (*i.e.*, his own religion) consist in ‘love and adoration,’

not of God, but of Christ; not in morality, not in true belief, not in allegiance to the Lord of conscience, but in 'homage to a King,' namely, to Jesus of Nazareth. How far this creed harmonised with his other ideas, how it coincided with that faith in the supremacy of moral good which he must have brought away from that grandest passage of his life, when fidelity to his own sense of Duty and Right alone saved him amid the shipwreck of all his theology, how far the 'homage to Christ' could be made the substance of religion by one who had learned that lesson—I cannot explain. It remains one of the thousand self-contradictions of the human mind which we are called on only to notice, and not to reconcile."

That Robertson, as other great teachers, may have sometimes obscured the truth of a Divine Father by vehement assertions of the love of the Son is not impossible, though we do not think that he did; but it remains a fact that the doctrine of God manifest in Christ, which he felt to be of the essence of Christianity, does touch the hearts of men in a way that Unitarian theology has never been able to do. The reader must not fail to take in connection with these two essays a very interesting article on the "Religion of Childhood," an article which, admirable in many respects as it is, will scarcely produce the conviction which the writer intends.

Perhaps the least satisfactory essay in the volume is that entitled "The Devil." A writer of Miss Cobbe's power ought certainly in treating this subject to have dealt with the very able discussion of this belief in an Evil spirit which is to be found in Mr. Maurice's *Theological Essays*. That great divine, though he was wont to deplore that men believed more heartily in the Devil than they did in God, yet saw this belief to be a necessity. It made men feel that they had a common enemy with whom they are contending; it explained, as generalizing talk about principles of evil and negation of good cannot explain, facts of human consciousness. He may have been wrong, but the fact that such a thinker believed that "the evil" from which we pray to be delivered was a personal enemy, is sufficient to raise that belief above the level of a popular superstition.

We must be content with enumerating the other essays in Miss Cobbe's volume. These are "Hereditary Piety," "A Prehistoric Religion," "The Religions of the World," "The Religions of the East," "The Religion and Literature of India," "Unconscious Cerebration," "Dreams, as Illustrative of Unconscious Cerebration," "Au-

ricular Confessions in the Church of England," and "The Evolution of Morals and Religion."

From The Spectator.

#### THE CHASM BETWEEN THEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL STUDIES.

WE doubt if at any period of the world's history,—even in Alexandria, at the time of the meeting and collision between the old Heathenism, the new Platonism, and Christianity,—or in any of the Italian republics at the time of the revival of learning, there was a more striking and in its way a more instructive phenomenon than that which almost every number of the *Contemporary Review* now presents us. It is, in fact, a sort of whirlpool of the deepest thought of the day in relation to the deepest problems, in which the most refined intellects of all the Churches and no-Churches, from the Royal Society to the Society of St. Philip Neri, of all grades of society, from the duke to the republican working-man, and of all phases of opinion, from the highest idealism to the most outspoken materialism, from the Romanist Archbishop to the extreme heretic, may be seen eddying round and round in the most curiously constant vortex. There you may see how all schools alike have discerned that the questions they are discussing hinge on the same central and critical facts, and are at least approaching agreement as regards the descriptive history of those facts, though still of course differing as widely as possible as to the interpretation of them. Thus, in the present number of the *Contemporary Review* there are no less than four articles touching the very centre of the philosophy of religion. The very first paper is a brilliant and profound essay by Father Dalgairns—slightly disfigured, it must be admitted, by some wonderful, but for the most part easily-corrected, misprints, ascribable, we suppose, to the literary anarchy of the Long Vacation,—on the greatest of all questions, "Is God Unknowable?" Then there is a most pellucid and most consistent—we do not say most convincing,—defence of pure idealism against all materialistic or semi-materialistic conceptions, by Mr. W. T. Thornton. There is an essay by Dr. Carpenter, the eminent physiologist, on the manifestation of "Mind and Will in Nature;" and lastly, there are three essays on the controversy about



Prayer, two from the purely scientific and one from the moral and philosophical point of view, respectively written by Professor Tyndall, his anonymous friend of the Athenæum, and by Professor McCosh, of Princeton College, United States. Every one of these essays is the production of a thoughtful and able man, and shows signs of the most genuine and earnest effort to get at the core of the question he discusses; and every one of them is more or less devoted to the great problem of the true relation of man to that mysterious and awful system of universal order which always seems to be in danger of crushing him by its stupendous weight and its oppressive air of indifference to human interests, and which, nevertheless, is ever stimulating him to assert his spiritual pre-eminence in a structure of which it is he himself who has discovered the key, a key all contained within his own nature,—together with the key to many other and higher problems which are to be found, problems and keys alike, in himself alone. In the present number there are no specimens of the freedom of discussion on social problems of which we have had in the pages of the *Contemporary* such valuable specimens, from writers of the highest rank to the humblest; but in such essays, equally, when they do appear, there is the same evidence that our time is one of perfect intellectual freedom and equality and, on the whole, of mutual respect between the thinkers at either end of the social scale, and of equal candour of admission as to the central facts to be studied, though, of course, with equally wide differences as to the true interpretation of them and the true inferences to be drawn. On both kinds of question alike, any discoverer of a future age, writing with a few numbers of the *Contemporary* before him, would infer that the period in which this review appeared must have been one of curious intellectual frankness, earnestness, and chaos, in which the representatives of all extremes of opinion compared notes quite honestly, and not unfrequently in deep bewilderment at their wonderful concurrences as to the facts to be interpreted and their vast differences as to the proper interpretation to be assigned. He would observe that Romanists and Rationalists, Archbishops and Religious "Know-nothings," Idealists and Materialists, Dukes and Workmen, all discussed the great questions of the time with marvellous temperance and anxiety to reach the centre of the opposite position, and all with a cer-

tain success, and yet not so much success that approximation of convictions appeared at all near at hand. And this would be, as we all of us know, the true appreciation of our existing state of mind. We are at last almost all of us attaining the power to throw ourselves into the real minds of our opponents without denouncing them as evil for differing from us. But we have as yet apparently got very little further. The eddy about the central points of belief still spins on; the great maelstrom of beliefs and doubts whirls round before our eyes till we grow giddy as we gaze. Perpetual rotation and not rest seems to be the final upshot of all this interchange of thought on all the cardinal problems of the universe,

And yet is there no sign of real approximation of convictions, not very near perhaps, but so far as it goes, hopeful? One thing we may certainly observe in relation to the great fundamental spiritual problems under discussion,—not only that the theologians and metaphysicians are learning to talk a language which men of science can understand and the men of science to talk a language which theologians and metaphysicians can understand, but that the higher scientific mind, in spite of its many apparent substantial victories, is becoming conscious of a certain weakness and narrowness and unrest in its position, and is attempting to grope its way towards a sort of concordat with spiritual faith. The theologians, so long entrenched in narrow and bigoted positions, have at last, through a long course of wholesome adversity and persecution, become aware of their characteristic danger of narrowness, and are doing all in their power to master and use the most successful of the methods of the physicists; and the consequence is that Science, though still naturally enough a little *tête exaltée*, is beginning to listen to reason, even where reason says that true self-knowledge takes us beyond the tracks of physical law. Thus not only does Dr. Carpenter, who has always been as much of a psychologist as of a physiologist, openly declare his belief that "Mind and Will" are the true sources of the physical order and force in nature; not only does Father Dalgairns rest a part, and not the least subtle and ingenious part, of his religious thesis on the candid assertions and admissions of Mr. Herbert Spencer; but Professor Tyndall and his anonymously make admissions which seem to us to show that at all events, if they could borrow one assumption, and only one,

from their brother physiologist's creed, they would not be proof at all against the powerful arguments of such thinkers as Mr. Martineau and Father Dalgairns. Dr. Carpenter, while maintaining with great earnestness the real equivalence in many respects of chemical with vital, vital with nervous, and nervous with mental force, while asserting, for instance, that semi-intoxication, though we know that it enfeebles the will frightfully, nevertheless often sets up an activity of the nervous tissues which stimulates the mechanical side of the mind to very brilliant work, yet asserts the real existence and freedom of the will as a central fact of consciousness, which he thinks there is nothing whatever in physiological studies to call in question, still less to disprove. He declares that, as far as he can see, the profoundest physiological study will but lend itself to the spiritual theory of the universe, provided that the investigator in plunging into his subject "trusts to the inherent buoyancy of the one fact of consciousness that we have within us a self-determining power which we call *Will*"; and though he seems to us to take back a good deal of the force of this assertion when he somewhat inconsistently accepts or seems to accept the strong and utterly hypothetical language of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Dr. Chalmers as to the certainty we should have of absolute uniformity in the whole order of the universe, external and internal, if we could but unravel the complexities which hide it from us,—yet we do not seriously doubt that Dr. Carpenter believes in the real existence of a free human volition rising above what he calls the mechanism of the mind, and believes this to be quite consistent with all that is known of physiology and of the physical foundation of our mental life. Now when a physiologist so eminent as Dr. Carpenter comes to such a conclusion, we think it a good omen for the future, a good sign that the students of the physical sciences are beginning to see the limits of their favourite studies, and to establish at least a *modus vivendi* with the students of theology and metaphysics. Of course the two physicists who write upon "prayer" have not got so far as this. Indeed, the anonymous author who was responsible for proposing the celebrated hospital prayer-gauge, and who writes a little irritably on the subject of the criticisms to which he has been subjected,—though he has virtually to admit that what he proposed, he did propose with the view of showing the

friends of petitions addressed to God their folly, and not with the view of testing the matter for any genuine student of science,—appears to think that prayer in which you ask no blessing, spiritual or mental,—asking being all folly,—but simply try meditatively to mould your own mind to the height and universality of an unchangeable Order fixed from everlasting, is a far nobler and higher thing than what the Christian means by real communion with God. But once introduce into the physiologist's conception of the Universe the fact of free-will as one which stands above and modifies the whole structure of the physiological order beneath it, and there would be nothing at all in his paper inconsistent with the theological view. He seems to admit, in the strongest way, Mind as the basis of the great iron system of necessity he so much admires,—Mind as the root of force,—and only falls short therefore of Dr. Carpenter's view by his rigid exclusion of free-will. Professor Tyndall is far nearer Dr. Carpenter, nay, far nearer ourselves, though he does launch a mild and not ill-natured sarcasm at this journal for its "mysticism" and "temporary flightiness," for reasoning on the suggestion of particular facts, for ignoring the safe-guards of generalization, and forgetting that without "verification," "a theoretic conception," however tenable in the abstract, "is a mere figment of the intellect." As far as we can see, he does not dispute, though he does not assert, Dr. Carpenter's admission of a free-will in man that disposes more or less of that mental force which is conditioned by the destruction of nervous-tissue. Professor Tyndall sees nothing in the abstract either "impossible" or "inconsistent" in the notion of a personal Power disposing as He will of the forces of the universe, partly in answer to the prayers of men. His only quarrel with the spiritualist theory of the Universe is its neglect of "verification," the process without which "a theoretic conception is a mere figment of the intellect." Nay, he goes further; he says of prayer,—rather inconsistently, as we think, with his own theory:—

"It is not my habit of mind to think otherwise than solemnly of the feeling which prompts prayer. It is a potency which I should like to see guided, not extinguished, devoted to practicable objects, instead of wasted upon air. In some form or other, not yet evident, it may, as alleged, be necessary to man's highest culture. Certain it is that, while I rank many persons who employ it low in the scale of being, natural foolishness, bigotry, and intolerance being in

their case intensified by the notion that they have access to the ear of God, I regard others who employ it as forming part of the very cream of the earth. The faith that simply adds to the folly and ferocity of the one, is turned to enduring sweetness, holiness, abounding charity and self-sacrifice by the other. Christianity in fact varies with the nature upon which it falls. Often unreasonable, if not contemptible, in its purer forms, prayer hints at disciplines which few of us can neglect without moral loss. But no good can come of giving it a delusive value by claiming for it a power in physical nature. It may strengthen the heart to meet life's losses and thus indirectly promote physical well-being, as the digging of *Æsop's* orchard brought a treasure of fertility greater than the treasure sought. Such indirect issues we all admit; but it would be simply dishonest to affirm that it is such issues that are always in view."

Now here we seem to find Professor Tyndall himself approving of a practice based upon a "mere figment of the intellect," and not sustained by verification. For surely he means to approve of something more than a mere inward wrestling with yourself, — which is not prayer at all. He means to approve of prayer, — real prayer to God, — as a spiritual remedy for spiritual weakness or evil. Yet what can be less verified by such methods as he seems to think are the only methods which justify a moral practice? He himself probably questions the freedom of the will, and has never admitted the personality of God, — both conditions of any real prayer, however purely spiritual. There is scarcely a link in the chain of assumptions involved in such prayer that can boast the sort of verification which physical science requires. How, then, could we have a more impressive though unconscious admission by Professor Tyndall that as applied to the higher relations of man with the spiritual world around him, the physical methods of demonstration are really quite inapplicable? For no man, remember, really prays in the Christian sense for any physical blessing, except as it is more or less clearly involved in the moral and spiritual life of himself or some other being. Still in Professor Tyndall's praiseworthy candour as to the theoretic tenability of prayer even for physical blessings, and in his still more praiseworthy inconsistency in actually recommending prayer as regards spiritual blessings, and declaring that "it hints at disciplines which few of us can neglect without moral loss," we see happy symptoms of a real disposition on the part of physical science to repent of its narrow creed, and become more catholic and human. To men in such a condition of mind

as this, we can hardly doubt that thinkers like Mr. Martineau and Father Dalgairns will not appeal in vain. Surely the time of approximation between the theologians and the nature-philosophers is not so far off as it seems? Surely there are some even now of the latter who can appreciate the convincing power and beauty of the following profound, touching, and eloquent words in the essay of Father Dalgairns: —

"I must confess that I have never felt the difficulties which others feel about the antagonism between Physical Science and Religion. Mind and Matter play into each other's hands. I grant indeed what I think is perfectly obvious, that there is an ultimate, irreducible difference between the autocratic free-will and the unvarying phenomena of nature; but the difference only makes their working together the more remarkable. In many ways I find intellect and matter most wonderfully pointing to a unity of origin. Look, for instance, at mathematics, the most purely mental of all our intellectual creations. Solely out of the depths of our consciousness we spin theories about lines, angles, and circles. Without the slightest admixture of experience we think out their truths; but when we come to look at the external universe, we find that it is constructed precisely on those *a priori* principles of our own minds. There are no lines or circles in the sky, yet we can reconstruct the universe and find out its laws by their help. We might be tempted to turn Pantheist, and look upon Mind and Matter as two aspects of the same identical substance, if the chasm between them did not force us to find the reason of this marvellous correspondence combined with diversity, in the notion of the oneness of their Creator. The mental figures drawn by the human mind turn out to be, not identical with but shadows of the thoughts of Him who made the outward world. I find the same reconciliation of the antagonism between Nature and Free-will in the moral nature of the Creator. The immensity and unvarying laws of the external world render human morals possible. The phenomena and the ascertainable properties of physical substances subserve other and higher purposes than the admiration of the scientific observer and the utility of man. If we could not predict infallibly the consequences of our actions, they would cease to be moral. If poison did not destroy, nor steel pierce, it would be superfluous to enact 'Thou shalt not kill.' What would become of the Decalogue, if the laws of physics were capricious? The cold neutrality and the indifference to ethics of nature when brought into contact with free-will become at once transfigured and minister matter to right and wrong. . . . It is such considerations as these which explain and justify the ineradicable belief of mankind in the love of God. There are more terrible difficulties in the way than any doctrines of evolution or metaphysical inconceivabilities. The more a man

realizes the agony of moral suffering and the power of evil, the more difficultly he will feel in reconciling it with the goodness of the God who permits it. Let it be observed, however, that this is a difficulty which comes, not from our ignorance, but our knowledge. There is so much provision for innocent joyousness in the universe, such facilities for cheap happiness in its beauty and in human feelings, that we see everywhere marks of benevolence, and we feel tempted to have recourse to the hypothesis of a good Being limited in power. This is to misread the phenomena of the universe; it does not bear the aspect of weak benevolence; it wears the sad look of yearning, unrequited love."

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From The Spectator.

#### THE CONDITION OF ITALY.

THE truth about the present state of affairs in Italy is, that the English system of administration has been applied in somewhat too indiscriminating a fashion. The Lanza Ministry, as they are called in Italy, from the Premier's name, or the Sella Ministry, as we call them here, from the name of the Minister of Finance, resolved from the beginning to govern on what are styled on the Continent "English principles,"—to restore the credit of the Treasury, to abstain from revolutionary legislation, and to trust for the maintenance of order to the ordinary laws. This policy, pursued with remarkable tenacity, approved in the main by Parliament—a Parliament very like our own before 1832, though the governing influence is official, and not aristocratic—and accepted by the King, though he does not like it, at the price of non-inquiry into the frightful debts on the Civil List, has, in North and Central Italy—that is, in Piedmont, Lombardy, Venetia, Tuscany, and most of the Roman States—completely succeeded. The credit of the Treasury has been re-established, and the taxes, though very heavy, do not cripple commerce. The Army is in a position which, were war to break out, would make of the Italian War Office a distinct element in European politics. Order is rigidly maintained. The prosperity of the people is increasing at a rate which affects the national character, producing a trace of that worship of wealth from which Italians, of all men, have been free. The spirit of industrial enterprise has revived till Turin, ruined, as she thought, in 1832 by the departure of the Court to Florence, has regained her population and 35,000 more, has become a Manchester, and is so overflowing with wealth that in Turin alone

of the cities of Italy is socialism a dangerous power. Milan is increasing by streets a month. Venice is regaining an Oriental trade. It can be proved by official statistics that the price for the wine of Piedmont and Tuscany received last year exceeded fourfold the price received before the emancipation. Even in the South, rents, wages, and the demand for luxuries have increased from fifty to a hundred per cent., and throughout the Peninsula the upper and middle classes are betaking themselves with the old Italian avidity to industrial enterprise, working endless industrial companies, while the smaller cities are dusty and disagreeable with new masons' work.

There are, however, two marked exceptions to this national prosperity, one accidental and probably temporary, one long-enduring. The old Exarchate of Ravenna is in a frightful condition. Encouraged by the legality of the administration, two or three secret societies, one of them at least very old, headed by men of family and position, contrive to set all law and order at defiance. Their object is partly money, but mainly release from law whether human or divine, their rule is self-defence, and their single penalty, death. If their demand are refused, or their members brought into Court, or their friends punished by the law, those who refuse, or sue them, or condemn them, die within the next few days by the dagger. So perfect is the terror they have inspired that the regular law is powerless. The chiefs of police dare not arrest them, for they know that no juryman would convict, and that three days after acquittal they themselves would be buried. The very Generals are in danger for supporting the police, though under Lanza's ultra-legal system they are comparatively powerless. Witnesses will not give evidence. The very sufferers, if not dead, conceal the names of their assailants, and hundreds, we fear thousands, of well-placed gentlemen pay these villains blackmail. It is believed that they are few in number—though from our own information we doubt this, believing that they have a certain support among the labourers, who for Italians are overworked and badly paid—and it is certain that they could be put down in a month. All that is wanted is a law making adherence to any society which keeps the penalty of death among its rules a capital offence, the suspension of trial by jury for such offences—trying instead by Special Commission, as we do in Ireland—and a resolute Prefect, aware that he must protect himself

for a month as carefully as in an enemy's country, and the terrorism would cease at once. It did so cease in Lecce in 1817. That city fell in that year into the hands of a terrorizing society of the same kind, which was managed with considerable brain, and became so absolute that it is known to have summoned rich men to come out of their houses for execution, and to have been obeyed. The Government grew angry at last, and accepted the offer of an Englishman in its service, General Church, to restore the supremacy of the Law. He was invested by Royal decree with virtually absolute powers, and announced to the Society through well-known channels of communication that it must cease to exist. The Society, emboldened by years of impunity, replied by a sentence of death on him, and within a week all its leaders, men of standing and repute, sentenced by supreme order, were hanging dead in the great piazza. Incredible efforts were made to change their sentence into one of transportation, and offers of great rewards were made to General Church; but the stern Englishman knew his duty, and from that day to this — we speak on authority — there has never in that licence-loving Southern town been the faintest attempt at resistance to the law. To put down anarchy in Ravenna, it would only be necessary to put the province for one month in a state of siege, to arrest about fourteen persons, four of them men of standing, and to hang the fourteen as *hostes humani generis*, pirates, persons at war with human society, and the province, with a sigh of relief, would sink back into order and security. If this course is too violent, the next best would be to suspend the institution of the jury for a twelvemonth, try the assassins by special commission, and execute on conviction, a process which, though slower, would be equally effectual. Lanza, however, will do neither of these things. A thorough doctrinaire, he is convinced that the "English system" will ultimately right all evils, and forgets that even Englishmen have occasionally been compelled, as in India, to suspend the ordinary action of a law which the moment juries are terrorized or bribed becomes worse than ineffectual. The extraordinary point about the Ravenna case is, that the Respectables, who know the guilty men perfectly well, do not form a Vigilance Committee, take the law into their own hands, and obtain a vote of condonation from the Italian Parliament; but this is easily explained. Self-reliance of that kind was under the old Government an offence of the worst sort,

and the Italian gentry outside Lombardy have not yet learned to act without the leadership of officials, still less to understand that with the existing suffrage they can carry any measures of which the officials do not disapprove. We have, moreover, ourselves a belief, though our informants earnestly deny this, that the mob at heart favours the Societies, as being friendly to the poor against the rich, and in that case a Vigilance Committee would need military support, which it might be difficult to accord.

Matters in the South, throughout the old Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, are in a very different way almost as deplorable. The criminal class has there allied itself with a population full of agrarian discontents, the jury system has utterly broken down, and the lives of landed proprietors have become almost unbearable. The way the evil works is this. A landed proprietor becomes unpopular, as in Ireland, with the tenantry, who, however, do not venture directly to attack him. The moment, however, that he stirs out of his house, the "brigands" either shoot him or carry him off to the mountains, demanding, under penalty of mutilation, enormous ransoms, which when paid do not secure him from being shot next day. The peasants, who alone know the brigands and their haunts, will give no aid and no evidence, and when the police make a capture nothing whatever comes of it. The jurymen either take the heavy bribes offered for acquittal — £800 was paid in one case this year — or afraid of immediate death for a verdict of guilty, agree among themselves that they "cannot be accessory to the legalized murder called capital punishment," and therefore must either let off the accused, or find them guilty of some minor charge. So completely has the system been organized, that there are lawyers in the South perfectly well known as "acquittal men," and that we can give names, dates, and evidence that would satisfy an English jury as to the literal truth of the following statement: — A great family in Italy draws £100,000 a year from its estates, and pays to the Government and the communes £38,000 a year in direct taxation. It is very old, not specially unpopular, but we suspect, though we do not know, somewhat rigid in the exaction of its rights. No member of that family dreams of riding five miles on their own property without an armed guard, and its head, a man of the best intellectual class, is as we write journeying from Naples, his own capital, to his own country seat es-



corted by fifty armed followers, certain that without them he would either be put to death or mulcted in two years' income, and probably his ears. We can easily believe, indeed we feel quite satisfied, that the peasantry in the South have serious grievances; there is a burning question, for example, between them and the nobles about the untilled lands, which, as the peasantry hold, are communal lands; but this state of affairs is thoroughly disgraceful to the Italian Parliament, which will neither remedy agrarian grievances nor maintain social order by repressive measures. The causes of this weakness, as represented to us, we believe truly, are two, — one creditable, one most unworthy of civilized statesmen. The Ministry are extremely reluctant, by proposing exceptional and violent measures, to enable the Catholic party throughout Europe to say that the South is only held down by force and to alienate the peasantry from the new régime, and sincerely believe that time and "English institutions" will ameliorate an evil still curiously local — for there are Southern districts as safe as Suffolk — and

being Northerners, they entertain that kind of internal contempt for the South which many Englishmen still feel for Ireland. It is the "nature" of Neapolitans, they think, to commit crime and kill landlords and sell their consciences as jurymen, and they cannot help it. We need not, we suppose, in England point out the absurdity of this idea. The Neapolitans are not a very wise or a very moral people, and they have been shockingly misgoverned; but they certainly are not less wise or moral or independent than the people of the districts of Berar, where an Irish Major, under precisely similar circumstances, restored perfect and permanent order in three months. If the Italian Executive is incompetent, it had better apply to the India House, which has 2,000 servants any one of whom would in three months put down brigandage in Calabria for ever; but it is not incompetent at all, but only composed of men who will not see that the state of affairs in Naples is their own opprobrium and their country's most serious and pressing danger.

#### THERMO-ELECTRIC CHARACTERS OF CRYSTALS.

— H. Hankel has made an examination (*Der Naturforscher*, No. 22, 177) of the nature of the electricity developed in crystals, especially in topaz, by a rise or fall of temperature, and has arrived at the following conclusions: 1. The thermo-electricity of a crystal is not directly due to hemimorphism, but appears to be a property of all crystals where other physical characters favour its development and accumulation. 2. As in crystals that are not hemimorphous the terminations of one and the same axis are crystallographically similar, these crystals have similar electrical characters, or, in other words, exhibit the same polarity, provided their development is actually the same. 3. The distribution of electricity on crystals that are not hemimorphous depends not alone on their molecular structure, but also on exterior form, and may by any change occurring thereon undergo modification. 4. As hemimorphism is to be regarded as an exceptional case in crystallography, the development of opposite electricities at the two ends of the axis, a direct result of hemimorphic structure, is likewise exceptional. An alteration of the outer form of hemimorphic crystals appears to cause no quantitative change in the distribution of electricity, which appears therefore to be materially conditioned by want of symmetry in the molecule.

NOTWITHSTANDING our boasted Western superiority, we have still something to learn from the Russians. Like ourselves, the subjects of the Emperor Alexander have found increase of railway communication to mean increase of danger and accidents, though in their case the fault is not unpunctuality and carelessness, but injuries maliciously done to the lines from spite, revenge, or mere mischief, or else from "international" principles, to which the appalling number of conflagrations is attributed. Unlike ourselves, the Russians have not, however, contentedly submitted to the abuse, but the Emperor has evinced a praiseworthy "fatherliness" of administration by at once causing searching inquiries to be instituted and rigorous measures to be adopted. General Levachoff, his own aide-de-camp, is appointed chief of a committee, which all Government authorities are bound to assist to the best of their ability, so that by stringent regulations the evil promises to be speedily remedied. Also, unlike ourselves, the Russians have not suffered the work of five men on the lines to be done by one; the first injunction issued by the Czar being that the staff shall be at once throughout materially increased, in order to enable the men to attend conscientiously to their duties.

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